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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE DAILY MAIL



TEN CENTS

VOL. 56, NO. 48

AUGUST 9

TORONTO, 1941

END OF THE DAY FOR TWO GIRLS IN THE ARMY OF OTTAWA'S GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES WHO ARE LIVING ON \$55.80 PER MONTH. THE STORY IS ON PAGE 5.

Entries for our two \$5 prizes for suggestions as to what should be done with Adolf Hitler when he has been conquered must reach this office by noon today, August 9. Address Hitler Competition, Saturday Night.

EVERY succeeding hour by which the German triumph over Russia is postponed beyond its scheduled date is an assurance of ultimate and possibly not very distant, German defeat. Even the most pessimistic commentators have nothing to say about the situation on Germany's eastern border, other than that the Russians may be exhausting their capacity for resistance and may be compelled to open the way to Leningrad or Moscow, or both, within a short time. Whether this is true or not depends entirely on whether one prefers to believe the German or the Russian claims. In an article elsewhere in this issue Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies gives very good reasons for disbelieving the Germans, in the shape of a list of the absolute falsehoods which they have officially uttered since the Russian campaign began. If they have lied so much, the chances are that they are still lying. There is moreover another reason for expecting them not to tell the truth when the truth is unpalatable to their own people. For the German people have already endured two winters of the privations and bereavements of total war, and must be looking forward with absolute loathing to the prospect of a third winter; whereas the Russians are only in their second month of the struggle and have very good reason for knowing that winter fights on their side.

There is an astonishing discrepancy between the American military view and the British military view concerning the relative merits of Russia and Germany in land and air fighting. It seems possible that Washington headquarters may have been unduly influenced by the confident attitude of the military attachés of the German Embassy, while the British have had no such contacts since the war began. An element in the situation which is perhaps not fully taken into account by Washington is the enormous wastage of gasoline and oil which must take place in a war of confused movement such as is now going on along the Russian border. The British Petroleum Press Serv-

ice says that at a "most conservative" estimate the Germans must be consuming an absolute minimum of 300,000 tons of oil per month. That Russia may be using an equivalent or greater quantity is of small significance, for the Russians have enormous supplies within easy transport range of their front.

Back to Sanity

UP TO the time of going to press all the news from the Russian front has suggested that the prediction of Mr. Henry Peterson, in our issue of July 5, that the Russian army would withstand the blitzkrieg is being borne out by the event. This, our readers will remember, was the main foundation for his forecast of a victorious ending to the war before 1942. In the present issue, on page 6, Mr. Peterson sheds what to most of our readers will be a new light on the policy of Japan,

which country he declares is in process of committing national hara-kiri in consequence of the complete collapse of its prolonged war against China. The Japanese, being the descendants of a god, cannot accept the fact of defeat by a country which they have been accustomed to describe as "a geographical expression"; if they must be defeated they will go down as the result of making war upon four great nations all at once while they themselves are without any ally who can bring them direct assistance.

Thus the divine origin of the Japanese people, absurd as it may appear to us of the West, is at least a very live piece of make-believe. It is the effort for compensation made by a people which, lacking a civilization and culture of its own, has long been a borrower of that of China and more recently of that of the West. Defeat on a very large scale is probably the only thing which will destroy this make-

believe in Japan and open the way for a more moral and rational view of humanity; just as defeat is the only thing which will eradicate from the German mind the idea of the absolute right of Germany to rule the entire world. What the British Empire, Russia, China and America are really doing today is fighting to establish sanity and morality in a world which has been dominated for years by nations which have lost both of those qualities.

The Russia which will emerge victorious from this terrible and tragic conflict is not at all likely to bear much resemblance to the Russia which faced the task of reconstituting its national life after the breakdown of the inefficient Tsaristic bureaucracy in 1917. We greatly doubt whether it will have much further interest in the spread of militant Communism outside its borders and the overthrow of the established governments of those countries which are now co-operating with it against the threat of Nazi domination. The external propaganda carried on by Russia during the past twenty years, and carried on without the slightest respect for the laws of the countries in which it operated, has had as much as anything else to do with the rotting of the morale and the paralysing of the will of the nations upon whose necks Hitler is now temporarily resting his triumphant foot. But for that propaganda a genuine united front against the aggressor powers would have been possible long ago. It must be clear to the Russians now that their strategy has been a mistaken one, and that the price of maintaining their own institutions undisturbed is that they should abandon all effort to disturb those of their friendly neighbors.

Morning Newspapers

THE Toronto *Globe and Mail* since it cut loose from a too close association with the Montreal *Gazette* has been giving a very creditable performance in the role of a nationally-minded newspaper, and we should not like our readers to think, because we occasionally criticize an isolated paragraph which we should probably ignore in a less influential sheet, that

(Continued on Page Three)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Page

How to Find a Tory Leader Dana Porter 7

"Pants and Politics" Mary Lowrey Ross 25

Propaganda May Be True L. S. B. Shapiro 32

Japan Prepares to Commit Hara-Kiri Henry Peterson 6

Canada Faces Her Labor Problems T. F. Donnelly, M.P. 8

Gen. Sir Claude Auchinleck "Brother Officer" 9

Work Goes On While Invasion is Awaited Rosamond Boulbee 10

When Can We Invade Europe? Willson Woodside 12

Making a Business Out of Sport Kimball McIlroy 14

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Investor's Dilemma: To Live or to Save? W. A. McKague 26

Collecting Accident and Sickness Claims George Gilbert 30

Why the Indifference About the Waterway? Grande Stirling 31



Since the German armies conquered Poland, the Nazis have made a ruthless systematic effort to eliminate Poland as a nation. Mass executions by hanging and shooting have been prevalent. Polish "labor" battalions have been hijacked into Germany where they are forced to live as virtual slaves. German anti-Semitic policy has been enforced in Poland with Jews in all the larger cities forced to live in ghettos. In Cracow, a Polish city of 40,000, the entire Jewish population was ordered to leave for Eastern Poland. Here a Nazi officer personally shaves a Jew — an act which constitutes a grave religious insult to the victim.



Sights like this were once prevalent in the streets of Berlin. These are Warsaw Jews being made to act as dray horses for their Nazi tormentors. Evidently no attempt has been made to prevent the picture from being taken, for it is obviously posed, with all the Storm Troops and even some of the victims staring into the camera. Most likely supposition is that the picture was taken for use in Germany, and somehow was smuggled through, or overlooked by, the German censor. The Poles are now forbidden to play the work of Chopin, Poland's greatest musician, or to read, sell or publish the works of their great novelists.



As sharply defined as they are cruel are the lines drawn between Poles and Germans wherever they come in contact. Poles are forbidden to use first- and second-class waiting rooms in railroad stations, and are forced to wear distinguishing yellow arm bands with the letter "P" on them. Reasons given for the decree: "Decent Poles do not exist" and that every German, as a member of the Master Race "must be protected from contamination." This woman is a German. Her head has been shaved and she has been forced to tote a sandwich board on which are the words: "I have been a great swine because I have been intimate with a Pole."

DEAR MR. EDITOR

University Graduates' Illiteracy

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS interested in your article in the June 7 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. What is the cause of the increasing illiteracy of university graduates? Is it not the lost opportunity of those who have it in their power to instill a love of good literature in the very young? Children are eager for the inspiration and encouragement that good literature and the classics can give them, if presented in the right way. It is too late to attempt to give a taste for these at high school or university age. It is manifestly unfair to withhold from children the joy, happiness and contentment, as well as the inspiration that can come from reading good literature. I believe that the guardians of culture are the teachers of the very young. By the time a child has to choose a profession, he should have the necessary foundation on which to build his choice. If he chooses a trade, he may at least have cultivated a taste for what is right and fine, from which he may get inspiration in, or out of, his working hours. A love of literature and the classics would, I believe, have led many to become worthy leaders of state, rather than wrangling politicians.

I entirely agree with you, that it is ill-advised to give everyone the same standard of education, equal opportunity in early youth, but not standardization later. The university cannot give back the eager enthusiasm for what is fine and great, if that enthusiasm is not kept alive. This must be done, if the university is to produce educated men and women. It is lamentable when a great scientist, or mathematician, lacks the grace of our truly beautiful language of Cape Breton island."

(MRS.) ELIA R. CROSTHWAIT, Toronto, Ont.

Where Did Cabot Land?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR July 26 issue you discuss the question "Where did Cabot land?" That is, no doubt, a matter of very slight importance at this stage of the world's history. However, it may serve to take our minds off the equally unprofitable question whether the Germans or the Russians are the greater liars. One is inclined to think that Herr Goebel still stands supreme; but this may be nothing but wishful thinking.

In your laudable desire to placate the feelings of Newfoundlanders, it seems to me that you have gone quite a bit farther than the facts warrant. You say that "historians tend to the view that his (Cabot's) landfall was in the vicinity of Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland"; that the claim that Cabot landed upon the north shore of Cape Breton in 1497 rests on a statement by his son Sebastian on a map of 1544, nearly half a century after the event; and that the Cape Breton landfall or landing "is rendered improbable in the minds of most historians by the contemporary declaration of John Cabot that the place where he landed had an abundance of cod."

As to "the contemporary declaration of John Cabot that the place where he landed had an abundance of cod," it would be interesting to know where John Cabot made such a declaration. Raimondo de Soncino, the envoy of the Duke of Milan in London in 1497, who got his information from John Cabot and the men of Bristol who made up his crew, says that "the sea is full of fish,"

To a Warming Pan

OH ANTIQUE relic, hanging on my modern wall,
With long black handle, carved and finely wrought,
And smooth round pan of copper, burnished keenly bright,
How many dreams of dear dead days you've brought!
I see the room my mother slept in as a child,
High-ceiled, dim-shadowed in the candle's glow,
The long plush curtains swinging from the poster bed,
The stiff-starched housemaids bustling to and fro.
Small charcoal embers, red-hot from the dying fire,
Into your copper bosom then were fed,
Between white linen sheets of finest weave and sheen,
They moved you back and forth till warmth was spread.
Oh, happier times, when rest was gentle, deep and good,
And life slipped by in calm, untroubled ways,
Come back to us who seek you earnestly and long,
Give us again the peace of those dear days!

Winnipeg, Man.

KATHLEEN STRANGE.

and Peter Martyr in his account of the voyages, which he attributed to the son instead of to the father, says that "in the seas thereabout he found so great multitudes of certaine bigge fysshes much lyke unto tunies that they sumtymes stayed his shippes."

Ottawa, Ont. LAWRENCE J. BURGESS.

Scraping Great Britain

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE contributors to the volume entitled "How Canada Fights," who include such men as Dr. J. W. Dafoe, Dr. P. Corbett, Grant Dexter, Bruce Hutchison, G. V. Ferguson and B. T. Richardson, seem to think that Great Britain as a nation is finished. They suggest that the manufacture of war material should be transferred to Canada and the British plants scrapped. This, I suppose, is due to the efficiency that Canada has shown in the manufacture of aeroplanes and tanks in the present war. They hint that Canada and America should supply the munitions and that Britain should do the fighting.

From the names of most of these men, you would suppose that they had some British blood in their veins, and I cannot understand such men when they talk of throwing the British Isles into the discard, and allowing Britain to live on the sufferance of Canada and the United States with the privilege of doing the fighting when any was to be done.

It makes my blood boil to think of men, women and little children being slaughtered that we may live in safety while men of the so-called intellectual class coolly discuss the end of Britain as a nation. We need more men with courage who can realize the tragedy taking place in Europe and fewer writers and talkers. If the war could be won by the latter class, Canada and the United States would have finished it long ago.

Birtle, Man. A. E. QUIGLEY.

That Longitude

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of July 26, under the heading, "Iceland is a Puzzle," you refer to "the eastern side of the 50th parallel." This statement is not without a parallel from elementary classes in geography where the teacher would call it a meridian. No wonder the island is a puzzle.

Westmount, Que. ARTHUR A. SCOTT.

Editor's note: Our error; our grievous error. Nothing could be less parallel than any two lines of longitude.

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FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

we are unappreciative of the immense improvement in both its editorial tone and its news-giving efficiency. It performed an important national service recently by printing a series of articles on Canada's military preparations, which were obviously the work of an experienced soldier with a critical faculty and no great fear of brass hats. The *Globe and Mail* recently reduced its editorial comment by one column, and increased its space for letters from correspondents by the same amount, apparently in order to make room for the amazing number of letters derogatory to Mr. King which pour into it from all sides, including both outside and inside. The *Globe and Mail* meanwhile, having evidently arrived at the conclusion that Mr. King is going to go on governing Canada for some time (a conclusion which has long seemed to us to be fairly obvious), has been doing its best to strengthen his hand for the performance of those patriotic duties which he is undoubtedly anxious to perform, but which are not made any easier by the vicious sniping of critics who make no suggestions as to how the things which they themselves want done can be made practicable in a democratic country. The Toronto newspaper appears to be aiming now at consistency and dignity rather than stunts and noisiness, and we believe this to be the proper policy for a morning newspaper in a territory in which quite a fair proportion of the population are persons of moderation and culture.

We may add here that none of the English-language morning newspapers, in our opinion, distinguished themselves very greatly in the matter of the Arvida labor troubles. Mr. Howe's statement alleging sabotage was obviously the utterance of a very angry business

LIFE

THIS tree is part of life as I am part;
These flowers, this weed, the little things
that crawl
Contain, as I do, that unfailing heart
Which is the sum and answer of us all,
And when the form we see is withered down
By that which we call death, when petals
drop;
When I am still and white and leaves are
brown -
What then, becomes of that which is within?

It still goes on. For life there is no death,
But only change and passing and the old,
Eternal rhythm of the pulse and breath
From age to age the mighty tale is told.

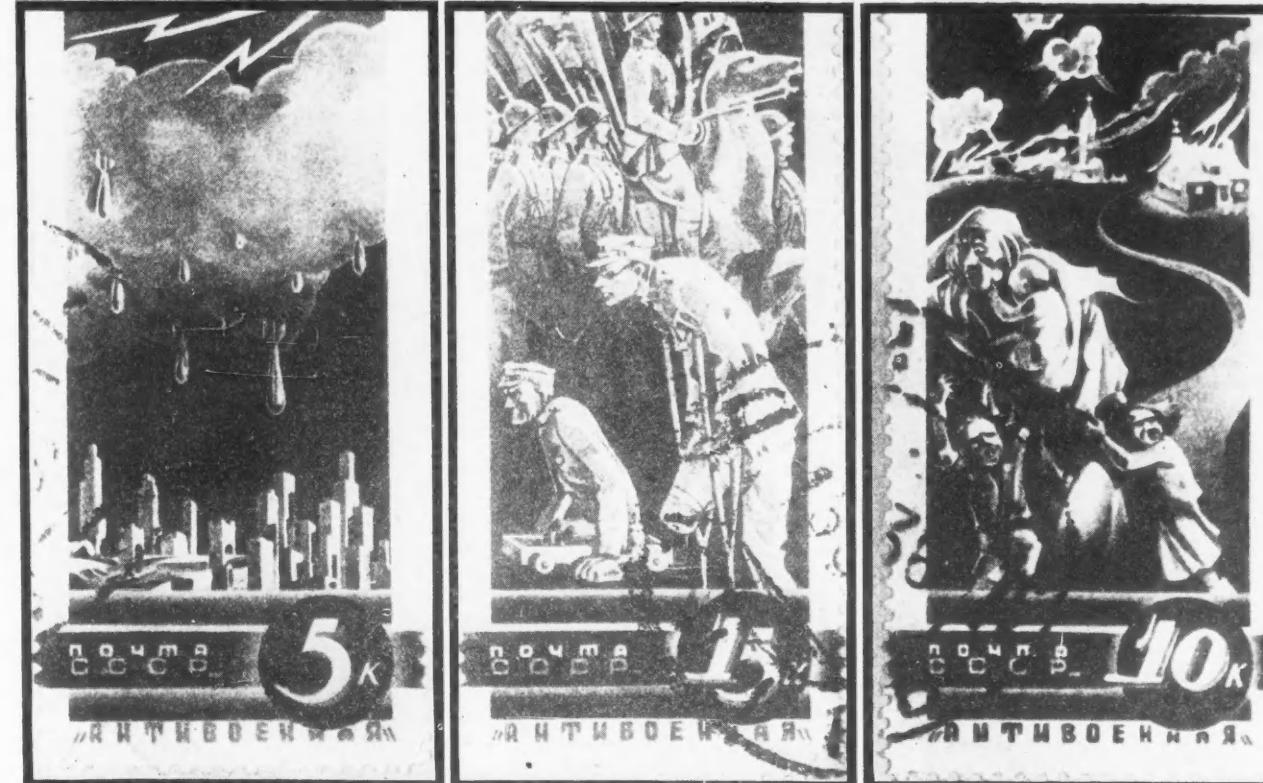
But we will not believe; we make our spell
Of death and dust, of heaven and of hell.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

man with only a limited acquaintance with the character of the French-Canadian working-man, it should have been checked from other sources before being played up in the largest possible headlines. It is the business of newspapers to ascertain the truth when it is within their reach, and to make intelligent allowance for the emotions even of cabinet ministers.

Violent Death

BRITISH COLUMBIA is generally credited with possessing the most pleasant year-round climate to be found in Canada, but strangely enough its sunshine and balmy air do not prevent it from having the highest suicide rate and the second highest homicide rate among all Canadian provinces. If the figures for 1940 are a valid indication, an inhabitant of British Columbia is more than twice as likely to suicide as the average Canadian of the other provinces, and nearly four times as likely as the average resident of Quebec, which has an exceptionally low record in that respect, as also in respect of homicide. In this connection



These cancelled Russian anti-War stamps have become curios in the space of a few years. Issued before the Russian invasion of Finland, they were to be a

constant reminder to the Russians of the horrors of modern war. Left: bombs falling on a city. Centre: the wounded. Right: civilians fleeing incendiaries.

however it must be remembered that the population of Quebec includes a much higher proportion of the very young, who are unlikely to commit either suicide or homicide.

The close relation between suicide and the prevailing economic conditions is strikingly shown by the Canadian figures for the last fifteen years. In 1926 Canadian suicides numbered only 680, or at the rate of 7.2 per 100,000 of the population. They rose steadily to 1932, when they reached 9.8, and have now declined almost as steadily to 8.3. Homicide is less variable, but there appears to have been a wave of it in 1929-31, coinciding with the maximum period of suicide, and probably attributable to the same cause. Other causes of violent death are mainly occupational, except for the steadily rising number of deaths from motor vehicle accidents, which attained their highest figure on record during 1940, at 14.0 per 100,000. Comparative freedom from motor vehicle accidents is unfortunately no proof of special carefulness on the part of the population; Saskatchewan and Alberta had the lowest motor death rate because they had the smallest number of motors in operation per mile of road. Taking it by and large, a greatly increased liability to violent death seems to be part of the price that we have to pay for increased luxury and increased speed.

Changing Scenes

One of the changes which are coming over the urban scene in many parts of England, and which will perhaps be deplored by those with a sentimental attachment for the atmosphere so well recorded in *The Forsyte Saga*, is the abolition of the formal iron railings which were a universal decoration of the small squares and open spaces in the London of the eighteenth century and other British cities. These railings have been removed in response to the national demand for metal, and it is perfectly safe to predict that they will never be restored. F. J. Mortimer, the famous photographer, writes that the removal has had the effect of making the open spaces seem much larger, and of disclosing charms of which the public were previously unaware; and one of our own correspondents has written of the total disappearance of the social taboo which made these spaces the exclusive recreation ground of the children and maidservants of the surrounding houses - even the menservants, to say nothing of the general public, being excluded by locked gates and signs of prohibition.

It is pretty safe to predict that these areas will never again be used for any purpose except the general benefit and recreation of the people of London. The very few instances of similar railled spaces in the older Canadian cities have long since been taken over as public playgrounds, and we believe the same is true in the United States. But the process of socialization has been expedited here by the much more rapid deterioration in the social status of the old houses surrounding them. Owing to the

PASSING SHOW

AN AMERICAN osteopath claims that mechanized warfare is much harder on soldiers than the old-fashioned kind. Veterans of the last war are expected to come out with a flat-footed denial.

Hitler has accomplished one thing for which we are grateful. He has made the word "Communazi" into an archaism.

IMPASSE

The chief defect of Refugees. However hard they try to please Is that they chatter as they roam Of How We Do Things When At Home; Canadians, on the other hand, Consider that no stranger land, However old of bower and hall, Can teach them Anything At All; And so they wrangle until both are hoarse. Immobile Body and Relentless Force.

Now Molotov has accused Hitler of treachery. We bet it would drive Adolf crazy if someone accused him of loyalty to his friends.

A Free French spokesman reports that French theatre audiences whistle when Hitler appears on the screen. It seems that the French are still the politest of nations.

An American publicist informs us that the whole United States could be set down inside Siberia. No doubt a lot of Russians and Chinese wish it were.

Dancing has been forbidden again in Germany since the start of the Russian campaign. The Rumanians and Hungarians, however, are permitted to dance to Hitler's tune.

The latest fashion report from Paris says that Nazi couturiers are trying to get French women to wear Mother Hubbard. They should go well with the French cupboards.

REFLECTION IN A MOVIE THEATRE

When I was a child
Twas a source of despair
To my parents and others who knew me
That against their advice
I would breathe the Night Air
Which they thought would do me soft're
Unto me.

Though the vapors of night
Left me sturdy and strong
And amused by their frantic petitioning
I'm beginning to doubt
If my draught-shaken sprite
Can much longer survive Air Conditioning.

The Japanese newspaper Kokusai has decided that "Japan is faced with an unprecedented crisis." They just can't make up their minds which side to doublecross.

Nazi propagandists have temporarily substituted "Down with Communism" for "Down with Britain!" It looks to us as if they're trying to drag a Red herring across the trail.

London surgeons can now make new jaw bones out of ribs. It will be recalled that the first operation of that sort produced not only a jawbone but someone to use it as well.

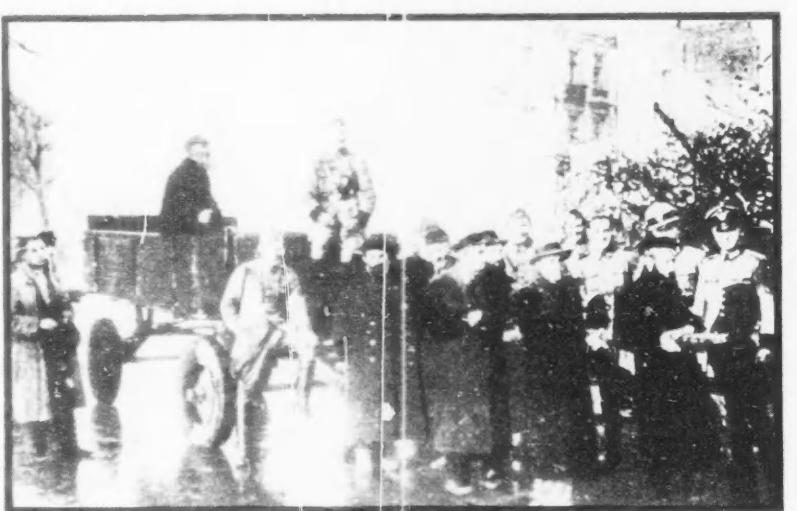
In a recent article on the cultural life of Britain a Canadian Press reporter referred to "a new translation of the Odes of Horace from the original Greek." We conclude that the classics are all Greek to him.

A London tailor was caught wearing twenty-four vests and arrested for theft. But it's possible that the poor fellow was merely ashamed of his chest expansion.

Since the Turks have pacts and agreements with all the belligerents, they will inevitably be on the winning side. Perhaps they do not like to remember that they will also inevitably be on the losing side.



Since the German armies conquered Poland, the Nazis have made a ruthless systematic effort to eliminate Poland as a nation. Mass executions by hanging and shooting have been prevalent. Polish "labor" battalions have been hijacked into Germany where they are forced to live as virtual slaves. German anti-Semitic policy has been enforced in Poland with Jews in all the larger cities forced to live in ghettos. In Cracow, a Polish city of 40,000, the entire Jewish population was ordered to leave for Eastern Poland. Here a Nazi officer personally shaves a Jew — an act which constitutes a grave religious insult to the victim.



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Scraping Great Britain

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE contributors to the volume entitled "How Canada Fights," who include such men as Dr. J. W. Dafoe, Dr. P. Corbett, Grant Dexter, Bruce Hutchison, G. V. Ferguson and B. T. Richardson, seem to think that Great Britain as a nation is finished. They suggest that the manufacture of war material should be transferred to Canada and the British plants scrapped. This, I suppose, is due to the efficiency that Canada has shown in the manufacture of aeroplanes and tanks in the present war. They hint that Canada and America should supply the munitions and that Britain should do the fighting.

From the names of most of these men, you would suppose that they had some British blood in their veins, and I cannot understand such men when they talk of throwing the British Isles into the discard, and allowing Britain to live on the sufferance of Canada and the United States with the privilege of doing the fighting.

It makes my blood boil to think of men, women and little children being slaughtered that we may live in safety while men of the so-called intellectual class coolly discuss the end of Britain as a nation. We need more men with courage who can realize the tragedy taking place in Europe and fewer writers and talkers. If the war could be won by the latter class, Canada and the United States would have finished it long ago.

Birtle, Man. A. E. QUINN.

That Longitude

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of July 26, under the heading, "Iceland is a Puzzle," you refer to "the eastern side of the 20th parallel." This statement is not without a parallel from elementary classes in geography where the teacher would call it a meridian. No wonder the island is a puzzle.

Westmount, Que. ARTHUR A. SCOTT.

Editor's note: Our error; our grievous error. Nothing could be less parallel than any two lines of longitude.

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FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

We are unappreciative of the immense improvement in both its editorial tone and its news-giving efficiency. It performed an important national service recently by printing a series of articles on Canada's military preparations, which were obviously the work of an experienced soldier with a critical faculty and no great fear of brass hats. The *Globe and Mail* recently reduced its editorial comment by one column, and increased its space for letters from correspondents by the same amount, apparently in order to make room for the amazing number of letters derogatory to Mr. King which pour into it from all sides, including both outside and inside. The *Globe and Mail* meanwhile, having evidently arrived at the conclusion that Mr. King is going to go on governing Canada for some time (a conclusion which has long seemed to us to be fairly obvious), has been doing its best to strengthen his hand for the performance of those patriotic duties which he is undoubtedly anxious to perform, but which are not made any easier by the vicious sniping of critics who make no suggestions as to how the things which they themselves want done can be made practicable in a democratic country. The Toronto newspaper appears to be aiming now at consistency and dignity rather than stunts and noisiness, and we believe this to be the proper policy for a morning newspaper in a territory in which quite a fair proportion of the population are persons of moderation and culture.

We may add here that none of the English-language morning newspapers, in our opinion, distinguished themselves very greatly in the matter of the Arvida labor troubles. Mr. Howe's statement alleging sabotage was obviously the utterance of a very angry business

LIFE

THIS tree is part of life as I am part; These flowers, this weed, the little things that crawl Contain, as I do, that unfailing heart Which is the sum and answer of us all. And when the form we see is withered down By that which we call death, when petals spin; When I am still and white and leaves are brown— What, then, becomes of that which is within?

It still goes on. For life there is no death, But only change and passing and the old, Eternal rhythm of the pulse and breath From age to age the mighty tale is told.

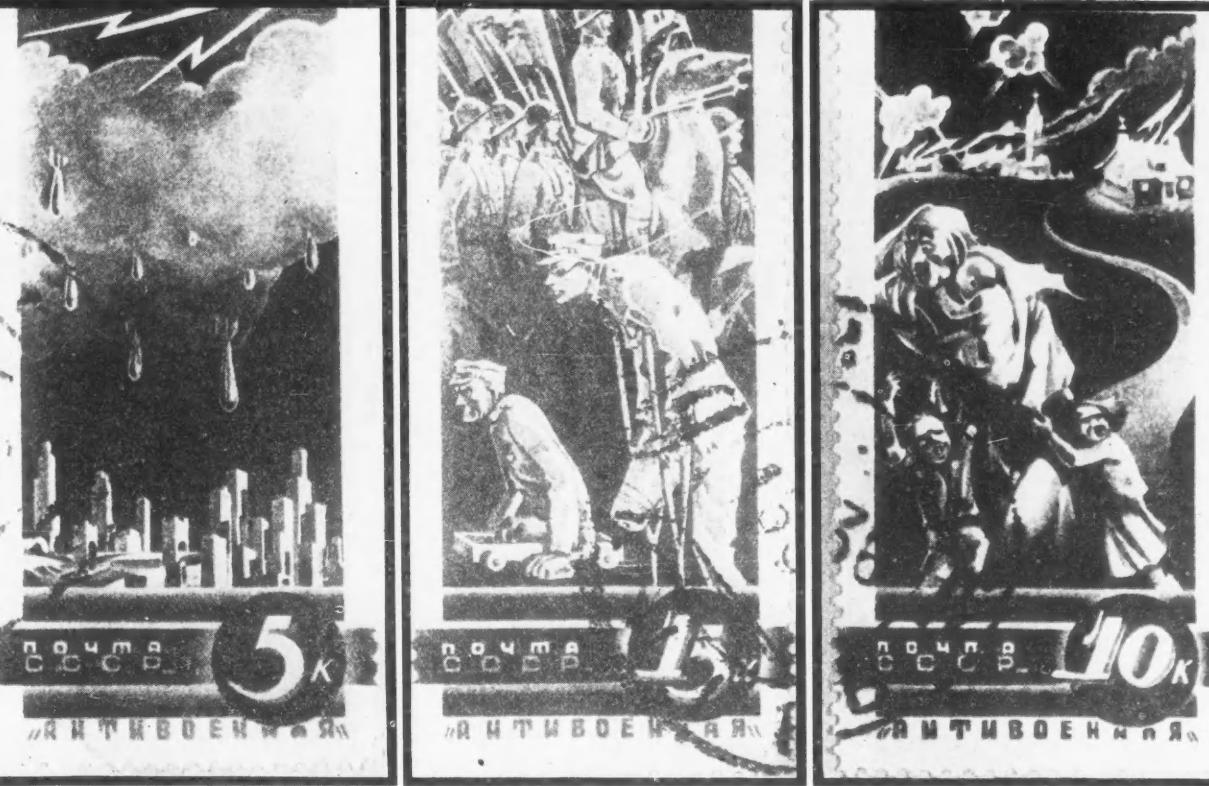
But you will not believe; we make our spell Of death and dust, of heaven and of hell.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

man, with only a limited acquaintance with the character of the French-Canadian working-man, it should have been checked from other sources before being played up in the largest possible headlines. It is the business of newspapers to ascertain the truth when it is within their reach, and to make intelligent allowance for the emotions even of cabinet ministers.

Violent Death

BRITISH COLUMBIA is generally credited with possessing the most pleasant year-round climate to be found in Canada, but strangely enough its sunshine and balmy air do not prevent it from having the highest suicide rate and the second highest homicide rate among all Canadian provinces. If the figures for 1940 are a valid indication, an inhabitant of British Columbia is more than twice as likely to suicide as the average Canadian of the other provinces, and nearly four times as likely as the average resident of Quebec, which has an exceptionally low record in that respect, as also in respect of homicide. In this connection



These cancelled Russian anti-War stamps have become curios in the space of a few years. Issued before the Russian invasion of Finland, they were to be a

constant reminder to the Russians of the horrors of modern war. Left: bombs falling on a city. Centre: the wounded. Right: civilians fleeing incendiaries.

however it must be remembered that the population of Quebec includes a much higher proportion of the very young, who are unlikely to commit either suicide or homicide.

The close relation between suicide and the prevailing economic conditions is strikingly shown by the Canadian figures for the last fifteen years. In 1926 Canadian suicides numbered only 680, or at the rate of 7.2 per 100,000 of the population. They rose steadily to 1932, when they reached 9.8, and have now declined almost as steadily to 8.3. Homicide is less variable, but there appears to have been a wave of it in 1929-31, coinciding with the maximum period of suicide, and probably attributable to the same cause. Other causes of violent death are mainly occupational, except for the steadily rising number of deaths from motor vehicle accidents, which attained their highest figure on record during 1940, at 14.0 per 100,000. Comparative freedom from motor vehicle accidents is unfortunately no proof of special carelessness on the part of the population; Saskatchewan and Alberta had the lowest motor death rate because they had the smallest number of motors in operation per mile of road. Taking it by and large, a greatly increased liability to violent death seems to be part of the price that we have to pay for increased luxury and increased speed.

Changing Scenes

One of the changes which are coming over the urban scene in many parts of England, and which will perhaps be deplored by those with a sentimental attachment for the atmosphere so well recorded in *The Forsyte Saga*, is the abolition of the formal iron railings which were a universal decoration of the small squares and open spaces in the London of the eighteenth century and other British cities. These railings have been removed in response to the national demand for metal, and it is perfectly safe to predict that they will never be restored. F. J. Mortimer, the famous photographer, writes that the removal has had the effect of making the open spaces seem much larger, and of disclosing charms of which the public were previously unaware; and one of our own correspondents has written of the total disappearance of the social taboo which made these spaces the exclusive recreation ground of the children and maidservants of the surrounding houses—even the menservants, to say nothing of the general public, being excluded by locked gates and signs of prohibition.

It is pretty safe to predict that these areas will never again be used for any purpose except the general benefit and recreation of the people of London. The very few instances of similar railled spaces in the older Canadian cities have long since been taken over as public playgrounds, and we believe the same is true in the United States. But the process of socialization has been expedited here by the much more rapid deterioration in the social status of the old houses surrounding them. Owing to the

greater rapidity of urban expansion on this continent, the old four-and-five storey houses which in England are still highly respectable flats have with us largely come down to the level of cheap small tenements.

The Communist Record

THE "party line" of the *Canadian Tribune* fascinates us. In its latest issue it devotes a page article to telling us what Canada must do to defeat Hitler—Canada, which has been industriously trying to defeat Hitler for nearly two years while the *Canadian Tribune*'s one object of admiration, the Soviet Union, was sheltering behind a non-aggression pact which it would be delighted to go on sheltering behind if Hitler would let it. "The greatest struggle in world history," the *Tribune* assures us, "is now being waged by the Soviet Union to defeat the enemy of all mankind"—who was not in the least the enemy of all mankind in the *Tribune*'s view until he attacked the Soviet Union. This enemy, the paper assures us, "is now being consumed in the fire of the Soviet people's devotion to their great country and to the cause of the independence and freedom of all nations." How odd that the Soviet Union should not have discovered its devotion to the cause of the freedom of all nations until the enemy of all mankind had destroyed the freedom of Poland, France, Denmark, Norway, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Greece—and we had almost forgotten Czechoslovakia and Austria and that more willing victim, Italy!

The gem of the article is this: "As for the Communist party itself, few will deny that it has been in the forefront of the anti-Hitler, anti-Munich forces of the Canadian people ever since Hitler was installed in power in Germany." Few will deny! When the party, and the *Canadian Tribune*, for many months after the Non-Aggression Pact, were the ardent supporters of Mr. Duplessis in Quebec, were violently opposed to every hint of conscription, were the fomenters of every kind of demand, reasonable or fantastic, with which labor could hold up the activities of war industry, were virulently critical of the actions and motives of Great Britain, and openly sympathetic with the most isolationist groups in the United States!

The Winnipeg *Free Press* quotes Tom Winniford, the famous writer who fought with the International Brigade in Spain and drew such valuable conclusions from the nature of that conflict, to the effect that the Communist parties in Greece and Yugoslavia backed their respective countries against Hitler even while the Russo-German pact was in full effect. If the communists of Canada had done the same thing they might now have something to say that we should have to listen to. As it is, they are definitely and finally marked as having no care for any interest except that of Soviet Russia; and the interest of Soviet Russia is not and is never likely to be a major interest for Canadians.

PASSING SHOW

AN AMERICAN osteopath claims that mechanized warfare is much harder on soldiers than the old-fashioned kind. Veterans of the last war are expected to come out with a flat-footed denial.

Hitler has accomplished one thing for which we are grateful. He has made the word "Communazi" into an archaism.

IMPASSE

The chief defect of Refugees, However hard they try to please, Is that they chatter, as they roam Of How We Do Things When At Home;

Canadians, on the other hand, Consider that no stranger land, However old of bower and hall, Can teach them Anything At All: And so they wrangle until both are hoarse— Immobile Body and Relentless Force.

Now Molotov has accused Hitler of treachery. We bet it would drive Adolf crazy if someone accused him of loyalty to his friends.

A Free French spokesman reports that French theatre audiences whistle when Hitler appears on the screen. It seems that the French are still the politest of nations.

An American publicist informs us that the whole United States could be set down inside Siberia. No doubt a lot of Russians and Chinese wish it were.

Dancing has been forbidden again in Germany since the start of the Russian campaign. The Rumanians and Hungarians, however, are permitted to dance to Hitler's tune.

The latest fashion report from Paris says that Nazi couturiers are trying to get French women to wear Mother Hubbards. They should go well with the French cupboards.

REFLECTION IN A MOVIE THEATRE

When I was a child
Twas a source of despair
To my parents and others who knew me,
That against their advice
I would breathe the Night Air;
Which they thought would do mischief unto me.

Though the vapors of night
Left me sturdy and strong
And amused by their frantic petitioning,
I'm beginning to doubt
If my draught-shaken sprite
Can much longer survive Air-Conditioning.

The Japanese newspaper Kokumin has decided that "Japan is faced with an unprecedented crisis." They just can't make up their minds which side to doublecross.

Nazi propagandists have temporarily substituted "Down with Communism!" for "Down with Britain!" It looks to us as if they're trying to drag a Red herring across the trail.

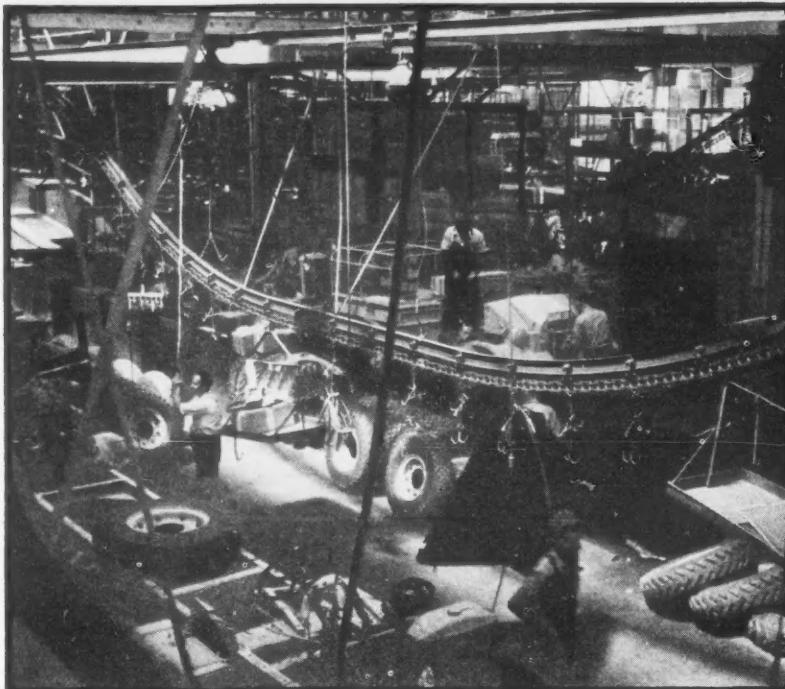
London surgeons can now make new jawbones out of ribs. It will be recalled that the first operation of that sort produced not only a jawbone but someone to use it as well.

In a recent article on the cultural life of Britain a Canadian Press reporter referred to "a new translation of the Odes of Horace from the original Greek." We conclude that the classics are all Greek to him.

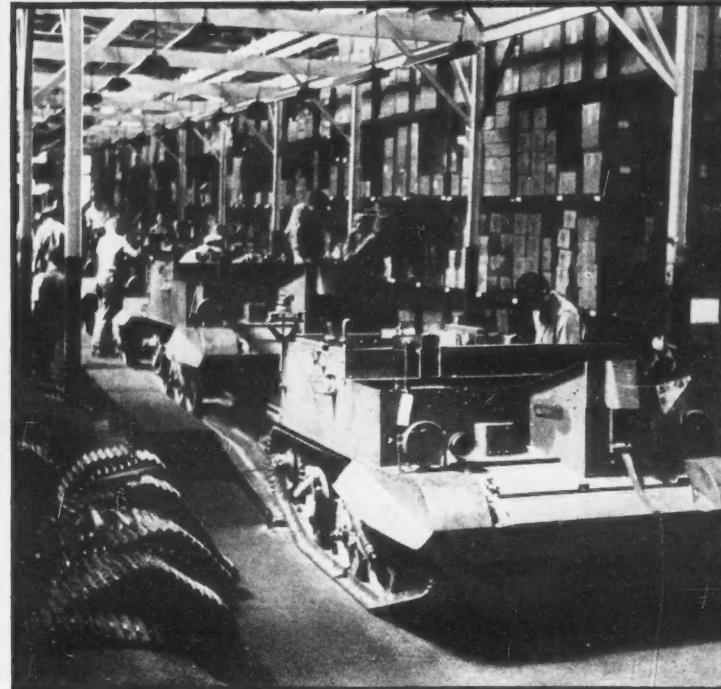
A London tailor was caught wearing twenty-four vests and arrested for theft. But it's possible that the poor fellow was merely ashamed of his chest expansion.

Since the Turks have pacts and agreements with all the belligerents, they will inevitably be on the winning side. Perhaps they do not like to remember that they will also inevitably be on the losing side.

Army Vehicles At A One-Every-90-Seconds Clip



General view of the twin final assembly lines showing overhead conveyor which brings wheels, tires, many other parts to workers.



Universal carrier rolls off the final assembly line. The tough vehicles are produced in a manner similar to cars . . .



. . . and after coming off the production line are ready for rigorous tests on the proving grounds.



Army trucks awaiting shipment in the drive-away yard. Vehicles like these are being used in England and in the fighting in Libya.

VISITING the Ford Company of Canada today is an experience as impressive and overwhelming as "going over the top" in the last war.

Take Arras, for instance, the Hindenburg Line at Monchy, or wherever you happened to be on that morning in August, 1918, when all hell broke loose. Although you were in the first wave of attacking Canadian troops, with a small bit to play in a great show, the very size of the operation made you feel as insignificant as a toy balloon floating in the path of a squadron of Spittfires. Thousands and thousands of men, thousands and thousands of shells screaming overhead, bursting on the ground and in the air, the gods in convention, gone mad with noise.

When it was all over, although you had never taken a chew of tobacco in your life, you found yourself with a wad of it, masticating like mad and trying to figure the whole thing out.

In a day's trip through the Ford plant at Windsor—and in that time you can only see a part of it, so stupendous is the operation—you experience similar mixed emotions. You are so impressed, you're overwhelmed. You feel like a pygmy in a land of giants—giant operations, giant noises, giant tools. It looks chaotic, but as you become aware of what's going on you marvel at the orderliness and efficiency.

Outside one of the plants you see enormous piles of scrap metal and through a doorway nearby huge

electric furnaces. Metal pours into moulds like hot soup into bowls, ladled out by scores of industrial chefs serving from a devil's cauldron. Then to another building where aisles and aisles of machine tools—manned by an army of men, some thirteen thousand throughout the

BY HAROLD SUTHERLAND

Photographs by "Jay"

whole organization—grind and polish the myriad parts which go into the making of Ford vehicles.

And presently these parts begin to take shape, an engine block here, an axle there, a chassis and a body, but three to one it will be a body designed for military purposes, for seventy-five per cent of the Ford effort today is in the production of war vehicles—troop-carrying and supply trucks, field artillery gun tractors, special machines for the R.C.A.F.

And they are rolling off the final assembly lines at the rate of one in less than every two minutes, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Unless you see it with your own eyes it is almost unbelievable. Carloads and carloads of these war machines are freighted away every day, some for the army in Canada, but the great majority for the Old Country, North Africa, India, Australia, Malaya, in fact wherever Empire forces are con-

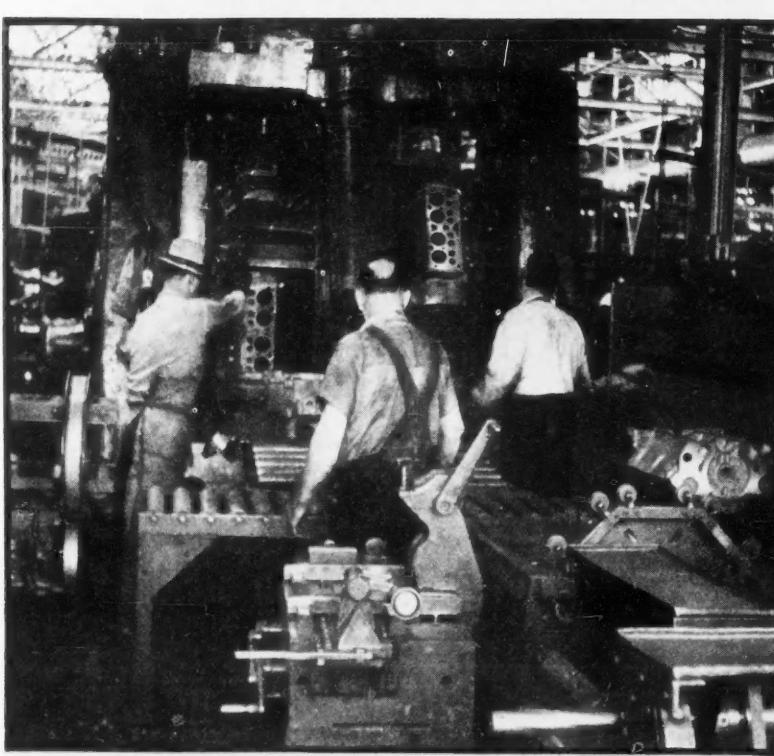
centrating in defence of democracy.

You read of Canada's great industrial war effort, but here you see it in action, going "over the top." What a thrill to see the soldiers of steel, the universal carriers, rolling off the assembly line for shipment to places where they will do Hitler the most harm! to see them going through their paces on the Ford testing grounds, racing at forty-five miles per hour over all types of terrain, mud, water, sunken roads, and artificial barriers on a 60 degree incline.

In one day approximately four tons of nails are used, to mention only one of the insignificant items necessary in the making and shipping of Ford war vehicles—but what good are the figures? To understand just what is happening in this Windsor plant which has been largely instrumental in making Canada the most important source of mechanical transport for the Empire, let us quote from a recent address of Mr. W. R. Campbell, the president of the company, who says:

"At the present rates of production, an army division can be equipped with full establishment of trucks in fifteen days and an army corps in sixty days. Increased production facilities soon available, will reduce the time required to equip a division to ten days and to forty days for an army corps."

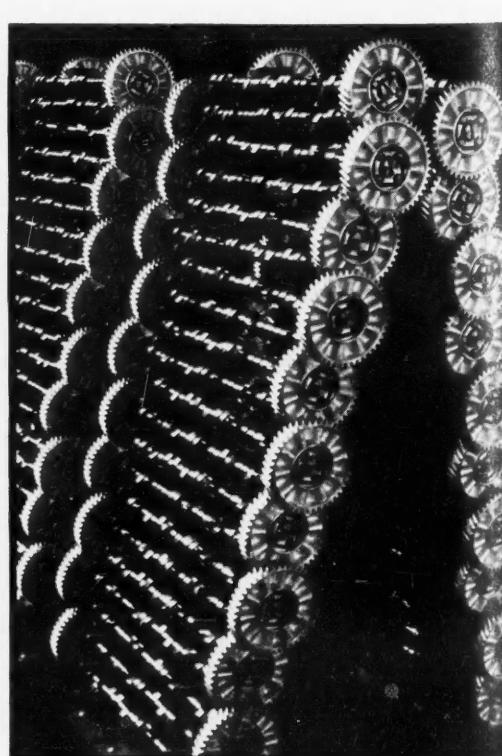
In other words it appears that Ford V-8 workers are contributing a great overwhelming V for Victory.



Early operation on the cylinder block. Ten blocks at once are mounted on this machine which cuts heavy metal as if it were wood.



Molten metal poured into moulds moving along a conveyor line. When cool, the parts are removed and made ready for machining.



Ready for installation are these shiny camshafts, made entirely at Ford's plant.

Twe



A stocking



A care

Two Girls Live In Ottawa On \$55.80 A Month



A stocking run is a major calamity on their budget



Lunch for two: two hot dogs, a chocolate milk, a bottle of Coca-Cola



... product of the... dressmaking talents of the two



"They act as their own hairdressers, take turns..."



A carefully-planned budget is required study with them



They have the courage to eat their own cooking daily



Traditional happy ending: love and an engagement ring

WHEN Canada declared war on Germany on September 10, 1939, she did so as a country which had dedicated herself to peace for a full score of years; a country which was not only peaceful in its every fibre but one which had refused even to contemplate the possibility of another World War. Like her sister democracies, she had no conception of the type of war into which she was entering: a war of movement, of vast amounts of matériel; a war which was to be fought in one of those curious lulls in the military cycle when the offensive weapon was superior to the defensive weapon, and therefore a war of blinding speed and great cost.

War, then, found this Dominion unprepared. Not only did we lack the matériel to equip a modern fighting force but we lacked the machinery to convert the resources of the country into weapons.

NECESSARY to equipping and maintaining an army in the field is another great army of civilian workers: from the paradoxically high-priced dollar-a-year man to the humblest stenographer, the meanest filing clerk, the rank and file of the civilian army.

The two girls on this page are privates in the vast civilian army which is supporting Canada's armed forces. Because they are typical of hundreds of other girls doing the same work, SATURDAY NIGHT keeps them nameless.

When war broke out, these two girls, neither of whom had ever been away from home before, went to Ottawa seeking work and perhaps to share in the excitement of the capital city of a nation at war. They found work as stenographers

in one of the ministries at a salary of \$55.80 per month.

Trying to live in Ottawa in wartime on salary of \$55.80 a month, was, these girls found, a feat requiring the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job and the cunning of Judas Iscariot, combined with the housekeeping and purchasing talent of a veteran housewife.

THEY found accommodations in an old house situated in a residential district of the capital which had seen better days; one of those old residences in which hot water for a bath must be heated and carried upstairs.

Breakfast they make for themselves. Lunch usually consists of a hot dog and a bottle of Coca-Cola apiece. Dinner is a home-cooked meal. A salary of \$55.80 a month does not permit of the luxury of sending your laundry out; these girls do their own washing.

They act as their own hairdressers, take turns "doing" each other's hair. The illusion of a new hat is created by remodelling the old one. A new dress is the product of the combined dressmaking talents of the two. To keep abreast of the doings of their favorite movie idols, they visit the corner drug store, buy a bottle of pop and read the magazines on the stand. When buying a magazine means sacrificing your lunch, the newsstand sales of the most popular magazine are most likely to suffer.

Their pleasures are simple, necessarily economical. They manage to live on their salaries, even to send money home. They're "doing their bit" with courage and tenacity. In recognition of their services, they hope someone will decorate them with a large bonus.

Photographs and Front Cover by Malak



Favorite magazines are read right at the newsstand

Japan Is Preparing To Commit Hara-Kiri

THE next move is up to Japan. She can take a grab at Singapore, if she dare. Yet, first, let us stop looking at Japanese actions through our own eyes. Let us step into her feudal sandals and look from the inside outwards, so that we may be prepared for her biggest step of all which will follow the acquiring of air and naval bases in Thailand—the deliberate committing of national hara-kiri.

Her leaders are moving south not with any hope of permanent possession or even that these seizures might be a useful pawn in any fu-

ture peace negotiations and certainly not to honor any Axis pact.

They are moving south for two purely Japanese reasons. First, to fulfill the Japanese character—grab what glitters while the grabbing is good. And success over southern Indo-China was certain, with Churchill and Roosevelt not intending to fight over a minor Pacific issue, though this latest bit of strategic nibbling would give Japan that South Pacific plum, Cam Ranh Bay, where her whole fleet could lie athwart the Anglo-American naval triangle Singapore - Manila - Hong

BY HENRY PETERSON

Kong, and though stronger Japanese pressure could then be put on Thailand, which touches Burma in the north and the Federated Malay States in the south, only 400 miles from vital Singapore.

Then, this grab was made for a pressing internal reason as well to boost the drooping prestige of Japan's leaders with a drooping population. The grumblings of Matsumotosan, the man in the street, have become serious over the hopelessness of the China Incident, but they can always be side-tracked by fanning his hatred of the white man. Two years ago the restive cannon fodder was whipped up by taking down the white man's trousers in Tientsin; now it is by pulling his nose, in the South Pacific.

Held in Chinese Vice

Let us do some more Japanese reasoning, keeping firmly in mind the basic factor in Japan's position—the vice she has been held in by China for the last two years, which has forced her succession of leaders in this time not only to make repeated and futile attempts at peace with Chungking but to perform their amazing acts of contortion and futility in foreign affairs.

Long before the China War, Mitsuru Toyama, ruthless head of the Black Dragon Society, had made and unmade Cabinets, by assassination when necessary, and the succession of military adventurers who have ruled in the last four years all first received his nod, keeping out far better men proposed in the many Cabinet reshuffles in this time because they were suspected of "liberal thoughts."

This black power behind the scenes is an ultra-patriotic society made up of the more unscrupulous fire-eaters of the Services and Big Business who are fanatical about Japan's "divine mission" on this earth, believing as its first article of faith in the Japanese myth that their race is descended from the Sun Goddess, and so they are the natural overlords of mankind. This Japanese "fact" cannot be just laughed away. They believe they believe this myth, and their emotions, their reactions, are founded on it. And, of course, that it springs from a savage inferiority complex only fortifies its irrationality. Hence the Japanese absurdities the world has grown so tired of.

Only now can we approach the very mainspring of Japan's coming national hara-kiri. It has been clear to every Japanese Cabinet Minister that if the straight fight against China went on Japan must one day be defeated because of China's growing military strength and implacable determination to win a complete victory in the field, for the Chinese soldier would kill even Chiang Kai-shek if he proposed peace.

With defeat would come certain revolution and these militarists would lose their power, if not their lives, and they dread the first more than to die, for revolution by the masses would destroy the three-thousand-year-old feudal system and break the whip so long held over the masses their subscription to the idea of a divine or god which makes them proud of blind obedience in a national crisis.

The Hour of Doom

There is no dispute among Pacific observers who know the Japanese and their history that no Japanese, no matter how humble, could ever have it be said that the "geographical expression" China by herself beat the "invincible Island Empire of the Sun." So when the hour of doom had crept up her leaders would take on the British Empire and the United States and anybody else and go under with a flourish. This would satisfy not only the Black Dragon Society with its thousand fanatical affiliations but the leaders of all complexions and Matsumotosan himself, yes, and even those true

liberals, those great gentlemen of the Emperor's Household led by that eminently sane man, Viscount Matsudaira—for this alone might maintain national unity after defeat, going down together against great odds. But more important still, this will ensure that Japanese history books may continue to be falsified—they have been for three centuries ever since the divine afflatus took hold—so that it may be written in those sacred books that it took "not only the colossus China but the mightier British Empire and the still mightier United States of America to force a temporary truce of the invincible Empire of the Sun." Thus would the face of the whole Japanese people be saved.

It is no use saying this is a fanciful picture. It is a faithful one of the Japanese mind. If it were like ours we would not be finding Japanese actions so unfathomable. It is this acting on the myth that the Japanese people are of divine origin that has brought Japan all her troubles in the last four years and reduced her to her present absurd position—without a friend within reach, and compelled to fight the four most powerful nations on earth if she goes adventuring another step further, for Russia is now in her path as well as the Anglo-American-Chinese combination.

Japan's Choices

There are four choices of action before her leaders: (1) to go on their knees to their people and the Anglo-American combination and beg for forgiveness for starting the China Incident and clear out of China, which they will not do, nor would their people like it; besides, they cannot give up the hope that Germany may yet smash Russia and then go on to defeat Britain. (2) Attack Singapore, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines. (3) Attack Vladivostok and Eastern Siberia. (4) Make the northern and southern drives together.

Let us put ourselves in the top-boots of the Japanese High Command. Surely the following must be the pivot of its calculations? Is there a fast military alliance between China, Britain, Russia and America? In other words, if Japan moves south will Russia attack her in the north? If she moves north will Britain and America attack her

in the south—in Indo-China, in China, and even Japan herself with bombers, besides cutting her ocean trade routes still unaffected by the Anglo-American freezing of her credits?

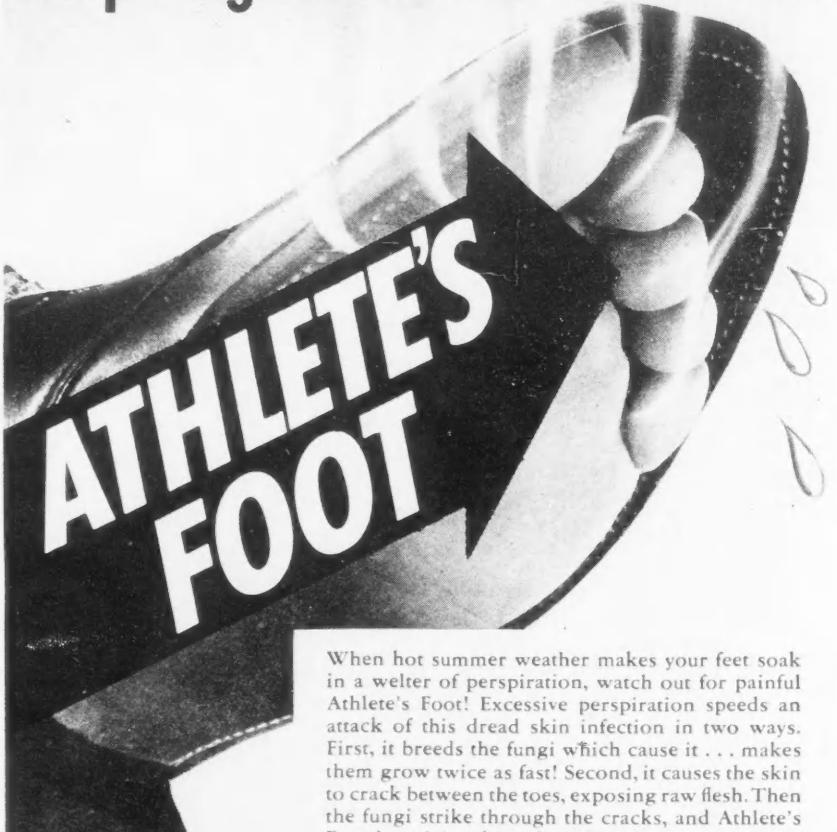
Of course, in the pursuit of national hara-kiri the more opponents the better, yet there is that possibility that Germany may knock Russia out before the winter, or even crippling her might be good enough. So for this reason and to remove its pistol pointed at her very vitals Japan's choice must be Vladivostok, whose bombers could easily cover the Osaka industrial belt in one vast sheet of flames if her air force were tied up in a southern drive. For two other reasons as well: Singapore lies 3,000 miles from Japanese bases and besides being impregnable from land and sea in itself also has the superior American fleet barring the way, supported by a considerable Anglo-Dutch squadron, able any morning to sink the Japanese fleet, always to play havoc with troop transports and, unlike the Japanese fleet, blessed with adequate repair facilities in the South Pacific an impossible prospect for Japan.

On the other hand, if she strikes at Russia the Anglo-American combination may take no military action, only further economic measures which would whip the Japanese people into a very frenzy of resentment.

With his powerful Far Eastern army a self-contained unit down to the last tin-opener, Stalin will take the chance to be completely associated with the two Great Western democracies, not only for reasons of immediate military wisdom but to make sure of Russia's entry into a world alliance of peace when victory is won over today's antiquated pirates, for not only must the Russian people have peace to develop their vast territories but Stalin himself needs it to keep his position.

So, will Japan's leaders dare reach out for Vladivostok? Yes, the hour of national hara-kiri is striking for the second-class nation masquerading so long as a first-class Power, its seventy millions will follow their leaders in this act of immolation made necessary through pride in upholding a ridiculous unhuman myth, and its destruction with that of the Japanese fleet—can alone ensure peace in the Pacific in the future, which means in the world.

Perspiring "SUMMER FEET" Breed



When hot summer weather makes your feet soak in a welter of perspiration, watch out for painful Athlete's Foot! Excessive perspiration speeds an attack of this dread skin infection in two ways. First, it breeds the fungi which cause it . . . makes them grow twice as fast! Second, it causes the skin to crack between the toes, exposing raw flesh. Then the fungi strike through the cracks, and Athlete's Foot has claimed another victim!

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Examine the skin between your toes for even tiny cracks. That's where Athlete's Foot fungi get in and spread—infesting surrounding tissues. Then your toes get fiery red . . . itch painfully. Skin flakes off in whitish patches. Your agony tells you it's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

Don't take chances with Athlete's Foot! Soak the first signs of cracked skin with Absorbine Jr., full strength. Do this night and morning. Pour it on!

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.

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Bottle
FREE



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant-like burrows under the tissues, invades delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



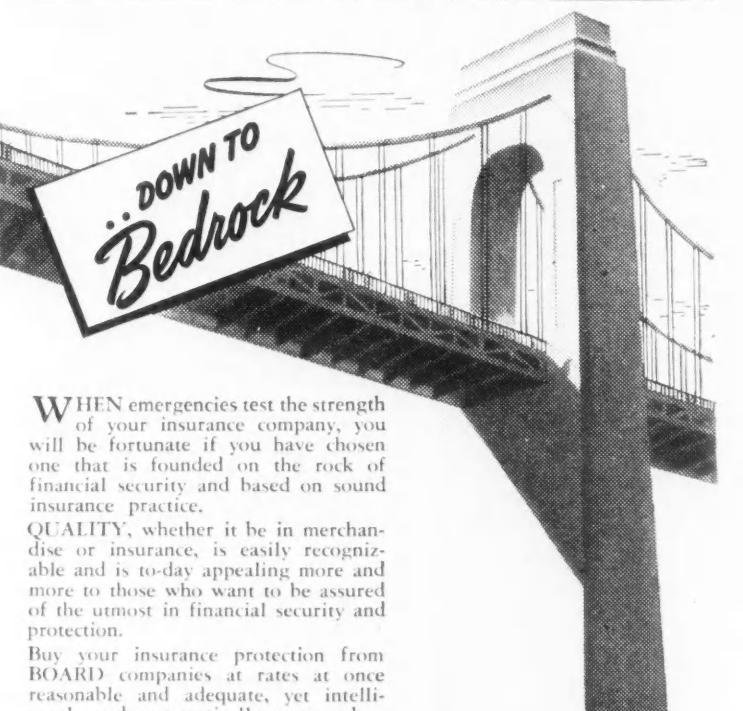
Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

LET us avoid being a recognized craft, a rumpus in a narrow of parliamentary technique of which was an essential factor. Today, skill has fallen into disuse. Leadership depends upon the public. The future of politics provides the mixed emotions of a House of Commons readily resolved.

Politics has become a business that has altered in quality. Economic great technicalities. Socially, only as an unrepresentative political leadership confine itself to national and that at one time.

CERTAINLY often underlined is a form of by itself, lurk easy to achieve a considerable public mind, ours speech, talking long niche of politics of 11,500, most sure to

Neither let entirely by the larity. Personal fellowship that hearts of masses road to political as essential to of persuasive normal person shares to the normal expediency among needs much ideal strength entirely. People's confidence in one like, and they hope that he political aspirations may genuinely find that this equip him to be in turn else for the good ship, which uses people to the sort of things to have done that talk and not do.

IN ASSESSING the situation, tall upon intelligence with the sort of arise. Today, intelligence of based upon balanced by national, personal, concerning tends to distrust in make the fat to recognize the ourselves of for our own doing so are of democracy, the use of in the reactions may cause general judgment. If the people plot intelligent errors.

Experience is the best exercise. No man can earn his asset by taking many risks in his actions. We risk if we want to be in a position of power or one whose consistent rendering words of influence are of more than merely how good it is.

PERSPECTIVE of experience falls to the last to make great and foundry influence.

LET us avoid the danger of regarding politics as a highly specialized craft, a monopoly of those who have served a strict apprenticeship in a narrow field. In the heyday of parliamentary debate the practiced technique of parliamentary oratory was an essential attribute of a leader. Today, such special technical skill has fallen into secondary importance. Leadership more directly depends upon the broad confidence of the public. The more complex nature of political questions seldom provides the sort of simple issue that the mixed emotion and clever thrust of a House of Commons speech can readily resolve.

Politics has so entwined itself in business, that political responsibilities have altered in magnitude and in quality. Economics appears as the great technical substratum of politics. Social justice burns consistently as an ultimate expanding aim. Political leadership can no longer confine itself to the relatively simple national and constitutional passions that at one time divided us.

CERTAIN abilities in leadership are often unduly overrated. Oratory is a form of power, but in oratory, by itself, lurk latent dangers. It is easy to achieve publicity, and to make a considerable impression upon the public mind, by the talent of vigorous speech. Some men merely by talking long and hard attain some niche of political fame. In a country of 11,500,000 people they are almost sure to build a following.

Neither let us be swept away entirely by the gift of personal popularity. Personal magnetism, the good fellowship that draws warmth to the hearts of masses of people, is another road to political fortune. This also is as essential to politics as the power of persuasive speech. The average normal person likes to elect one who shares to the limit his own average normal experiences. Personal popularity amongst masses of people depends much upon this. Local political strength often depends upon it entirely. People naturally have confidence in one whom they know and like, and they are consequently led to hope that he will best fulfill their political aspirations. But though he may genuinely desire to do so, he may find that this quality alone may not equip him to accomplish his object. He in turn must look to someone else for the great decisions of leadership, which ultimately can bring his people to their desired goal. For the sort of things that the people seek to have done are the sort of things that talk and popularity alone cannot do.

IN ASSESSING qualities of leadership the supreme emphasis must fall upon intelligence, the sort of intelligence that is best suited to deal with the sort of problems that now arise. Today, of all times, we seek intelligence of judgment, intelligence based upon experience, intelligence balanced by national, and even international, perspective. There is a disconcerting tendency in some quarters to distrust intelligence. Let us not make the fatal mistake of failing to recognize the inestimable value to ourselves of intelligence that is superior to our own. Those who persist in doing so are the greatest enemies of democracy, because in thwarting the use of intelligence they sabotage the functions of the state. Cleverness may cause distrust. But an intelligent judgment is of a different order. If the people are wise they will exploit intelligence in their own interests.

Experience is the product of habitual exercise of intelligent judgment. No man can gain this hard-earned asset unless he has undertaken many responsibilities. Experience grows with repeated responsible actions. We should assume a grave risk if we were suddenly to exalt to a position of great responsible power one whose sole qualification is a consistent record of talk. Even halting words from one of true experience are of infinitely greater weight than merely fluent speech, no matter how good it may sound.

PERSPECTIVE acts as the balance of experienced judgment. It now falls to the lot of the political leader to make great decisions that will profoundly influence the whole intricate

How To Find A Tory Leader

BY DANA PORTER

and sensitive economic and social fabric of the age. Every action must be weighed in its relation to the most extended possible consequences. Perspective of leadership must transcend sectional interests and local prejudices. It is time for a vision of Canada as a common cause within; and in its true perspective without. Sectional prejudice has unduly dominated the Canadian scene, because politicians who have had nothing better to offer, unduly pandered to it. Our

so-called national unity was a fiction because there was no positive conception of a national aim. The war has already proved that we can unite in a common cause. It will be the sublime duty of leadership to carry this sense of unity into the time of peace, by convincing this people that there is a continuing common cause.

The search for leadership does not stop at the doors of Parliament.

shoulders of a single man in Canadian history. The man who actively seeks it may thereby display his total failure to appreciate its great demands. The man most fit for it should be sought for and persuaded. We are not merely considering the head of a partisan organization. We cannot be satisfied with one who is merely pleasing to some small clique. The Conservative party is our party. It belongs to all conservative men and women throughout the Dominion of Canada. It will belong also to those thousands who will become conservatives just as soon as they are convinced that conservative leadership has some positive good to offer.



THE TALENT OF SILVER AND THE FORESTS OF CANADA

The million and a quarter square miles of forests in Canada (800 million acres) are a vast source of wealth—BUT they are potential wealth only. Like the talent of silver which the "slothful servant" buried in the ground, they are of small value unless they are used. The pulp and paper industry is a means of converting the forests into actual wealth.

A National Asset We Must Use Wisely

This industry has vital importance in Canadian economy. In peace or at war, its operations affect every Canadian citizen:

- Its exports, running currently at nearly a quarter of a billion dollars a year, are our biggest single trade factor, bigger than mined gold or wheat or nickel.
- It uses 40 to 50 percent of all industrial electric power consumed in Canada; leads all Canadian manufacturing industries in net value of production; is a major customer of our railways, steamship lines, farms, mines and heavy machine industries.
- It employs over 100,000 men. With their families and with workers in auxiliary industries, it is the direct livelihood of well over half a million Canadians.

Every Canadian thus has a stake in pulp and paper; every Canadian is concerned in policies by which this industry can be healthy and strong. Unlike resources which are static and become exhausted by use, the forests are living and growing. Each year trees reach their maximum age of value and die if not used. Each year produces a crop. "The wise use of the axe and saw results in increased growth; a virgin forest is likely to be a stagnant forest."

Conservation for Continuous Use

True conservation of the forest for production of wealth means its active use by the industry. It also means a constant battle against many enemies: fire, fungus, insect and pest. The pulp and paper industry is in this battle; each year it spends large sums to supplement the protection policies of Governments and public organizations. The nation and the industry have identical interests in conserving the forests by continuous development and use.

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In Search of a Solution To Our Labor Problems

IT WAS very kind of your correspondent, C. Ross MacEwan, to answer my recent letter. I am looking for some student of the labor problem who can deal in a detached way with elemental facts. I have difficulty in finding what I seek. Mr. MacEwan's first article in SATURDAY NIGHT interested me. He suggested that labor had such men keen, competent gentlemen who know the answers to the riddle of unemployment men who could, if they would, speak with authority on the question.

In his reply to my question, Mr. MacEwan now implies that he does not know where these leaders are, but he expects they are in England. He claims further that American labor is following their methods. Why all this secrecy? Mr. MacEwan, though a student of the problem, does not appear to know. Let me at once confess that I am in the same boat. I make no claims to special knowledge. I am, however, genuinely anxious about the solution of our labor problem—every Canadian should be.

Mr. MacEwan has made at least one suggestion worth exploring. He writes: "It is the working man who

suffers most from unemployment and reduction in the national income and who therefore is most concerned about such conditions. That concern will be most effectively applied to the problem when the workingman's influence in the community is equal at least to that of his employer." He then goes on to state that "any new development which tends to equalize the balance of influence between management and labor is a development which holds promises of a solution."

This statement is certainly open to challenge. One simple table will refute it. Here are the figures showing the percentage of the national income of Canada going to Labor, Agriculture and the Investor.

Division of National Income

Year	Labor	Agriculture	Investment Income
1926	58.2%	17.8%	12.0%
1927	59.2	16.5	12.2
1928	58.8	17.8	11.5
1929	61.5	14.7	11.6
1930-37	Aver. 63.7	8.3	13.6

BY T. F. DONNELLY, M.P.

This is an article written in reply to one which appeared recently in SATURDAY NIGHT. In it, Mr. Donnelly seeks a solution to Canada's labor problems, seeks to clarify the fundamental issue.

Labor, says the author, is not getting too small a share of the national income: national income is too small to give labor what it should receive.

And the solution to the labor problem does not lie in giving the working man more influence in the community and allowing him to take what he wants!

percentage proportion going to labor increased, not decreased. As it increased, the position of labor became worse, not better, because, as I will show, unemployment increased. The fact is that it was the small percentage going to the farmer and basic producer which left labor unemployed. The situation so far as employment is concerned would have been worse if labor had received a larger percentage. Still labor fought for that—fought as men so often do for the things most dangerous to their own interests.

If Mr. MacEwan's contention be sound in a general way but wrong in its incidence, it might be stated this way: "It was the farm income which suffered most during the depression . . . anything which increases the farmer's influence in the community until it becomes, at least, equal to labor would tend to improve his basic position."

I would at once admit some doubts on the validity of that statement. There can be no doubt that labor has had a greater control over industry and production in the last few years than it has ever previously exercised, yet the results are far from satisfactory to labor, to agriculture, or to the nation. As for Mr. MacEwan's suggestion that labor suffers from the decreased national income, that is true, but it has done nothing about it. Neither has any other group considered for a moment that end of the problem. All sought the solution by asking governments to give them more—as if that settled anything!

to his rescue. Sometimes it reached 12,000,000—nearly one in four. The American census figures record 9,000,000 unemployed at the end of March, 1940—despite high armament, employment.

The average number of employed in manufacturing, mining, and transportation, shows little increase in the U.S. in the last 30 years. Here are the figures:

Year	Number Employed
1909	8,666,000
1919	11,320,000
1926	10,727,000
1929	10,835,000
1933	7,300,000
1938	8,592,000
1939	9,172,000

The rest of the story can be best told in a few simple index numbers. Again the figures cover manufacturing, mining and transportation.

Average	1923-25	1929	1939
Hourly real wages	100	104.7	116.1
Real Aver. Weekly Earnings	100	104.8	121.9
Total Real Wages	100	106.7	101.9

The lesson of these figures ought to be clear. Taking 1923-25 average as the base and calling it 100, the figures for 1929 and '39 represent percentage increases over the base in each of the items mentioned. Real wages means, of course, wages expressed in terms of purchasing power, or money wages divided by the cost of living. In that table of figures is revealed, in my humble opinion, the real cause of unemployment. The hourly wage rate determines in large measure the labor cost of the product produced. The price of basic commodities fell. The consumer could not purchase manufactured products produced with too high a wage cost. With total wage payments remaining practically the same, the situation expressed itself in unemployment running from 9,000,000 to 12,000,000 per year. The market would not take the workers at the price the labor unions fixed for labor's effort. Capital was not to blame, neither was the consumer. The consumer could not, in his own altered circumstances meet the price. Labor may have such influence in the community that it can determine the rate of real hourly wages, but the market determines the number who will be employed at that rate.

Taking a Larger Share

Labor has failed to improve its own position because it was fundamentally wrong in its conceptions. Mr. MacEwan states the case clearly. Labor hopes to increase its own share of the national income by taking a larger share of that which now goes to capital. That is the plain inference of the words: "It is the working man who suffers most that concern will be applied when the working man's influence . . . etc., etc."

It can be applied at once. The share going to labor in the years 1926-29 was the largest ever received by labor in any peacetime period in Canadian history. It averaged during these four years \$2,630,000,000 per year. In the next eight years it averaged \$2,100,000,000. Recall once again what labor hopes to do, according to Mr. MacEwan's own statement quoted above. It intends to cut the share going to the investor. Let us go further. Assume that labor not only takes a share out of what constitutes investment income, but that it takes it all. Investment income in the years 1930 to 1937 inclusive averages \$449,000,000 per year. Add that to Labor's average earning of \$2,100,000,000, and we have a total for labor of \$2,549,000,000—\$81,000,000 less per year than it received in the years of normal balance the years 1926-29. Trying to get the income of others (instead of putting all to work and so increasing your own income as well as the income of others) is pretty cheap business after all—besides, it does not pay!

The fact is, as I see it, labor is not getting too small a share of the national income, as Mr. MacEwan seems to think. The national income is too small to give to labor what it ought to receive. Labor cannot take more out of capital. To take more from the farmer would be to take his farm, and there would be no profit in that for labor. If I am right in my contention, then I am the true friend of labor. Those who follow present labor policies have not thought the problem through.

U. S. Experience

Perhaps we may see this more clearly if we examine some very simple American figures—I can find no Canadian figures covering the facts so clearly.

Unemployment in the United States has averaged on a conservative basis over 9,000,000 from 1930 to 1938. One worker in five is now doomed to perpetual relief, unless the war comes

IT IS related that of Wellington's men, "Bob" was too far ahead of his officers—used to give a tone of administration to Peet." They were too good to address the men. He was too a good a man to be enough to indicate the character of the men he was.

Many noted their honored and ordinary soldiers ways "Bobs," notably "All Star" was always war Lord Piercy as the "Old Soldier" Sir W. "Putty" that Charles Hart Aylmer Hunt, notably "Hunter" and was "Bob."

And now we are in Chief in Claude Auchinleck he likes to play also has a "Auk."

A general standing, he important command history of the command which makes even war, second and organize war and at the same time from which

A Complete

We are going to be the next few weeks in the East is only a battle. What like his pre-war an infantryman in the P.

Moreover the or less unknown in the Home. For a square peg in the Auchinleck has a desert and will be customized to most of his a

Fifty seven from a family and train in the military mount hair gives his appearance. He to be a soldier, distin- ton College, Hurst. Perha- ance, he elec- to serve in the creased in the age of twenty-join the 62nd regiment of which he is now C.

During the war he spent in India with a period of leave in Britain. He don't need to his effect as an office on leave self-evidencing



General S

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U. S. Experience

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Unemployment in the United States has averaged on a conservative basis over 9,000,000 from 1930 to 1938. One worker in five is now doomed to perpetual relief, unless the war comes

The New Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East

IT IS related that when the Duke of Wellington was not listening or was too far away to hear, his Staff officers used to refer to him in a tone of admiring reverence as "The Peer." They would never have dared so address the Iron Duke to his face. He was too austere and remote. But the fact that he had a nickname was enough to indicate the popular character of the man.

Many notable soldiers have had their honored nicknames. To the ordinary soldier Lord Roberts was always "Bobs." Wolseley was invariably "All Sir Garnet." Kitchener was always "K." Then in the last war Lord Plumer used to be known as the "Old Man." That great soldier Sir William Pulteney was "Putty," that great Staff officer Sir Charles Harington was "Tim," Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston was inevitably "Hunter Bunter"; Lord Trenchard was "Boom."

And now we have a new Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, Sir Claude Auchinleck (which I am told he likes to pronounce Affleck) who also has a nickname. He is the "Auk."

A general of only a few years' standing, he takes over the most important command ever held in the history of the Empire. It is a command which in its responsibility makes even that of Haig in the last war, second class; for he must organize war on half a dozen fronts, and at the same time is not aware when the next assault will come, or from which direction.

A Complete Revolution

We are going to hear a great deal of Claude John Eyre Auchinleck in the next few months, for the Near East is only at the beginning of the battle. What manner of man is he? Like his predecessor Wavell he is an infantryman, although his father was in the Horse Artillery.

Moreover the new C. in C. is more or less unknown to the Army at Home. For once it is not a case of a square peg in a round hole. General Auchinleck has for his field of action desert and wide spaces under hot suns and cold night desert winds. He is accustomed to that for he has spent most of his active life in India.

Fifty-seven years of age, derived from a family of soldiers, he is tall and trim in figure. He wears a small military moustache, but his luxuriant hair gives him a very youthful appearance. He was always intended to be a soldier and was sent to that distinively military school, Wellington College, before going on to Sandhurst. Perhaps for reasons of finance, he elected, like so many others, to serve in the Indian Army in preference to the Home Army, and at the age of twenty went to the East to join the 62nd Punjabis, a notable regiment of native infantry of which he is now Colonel.

During those long years of preparation in the decade before the last war he spent his time continuously in India with the usual intermittent periods of leave at home. He was a bachelor in those days, and in London used to stay unobtrusively at his club as an ordinary India Army officer on leave. He was modest and self-effacing as he remains to this



General Sir Claude Auchinleck

day, but like his friend Wavell, whom he now succeeds, he was always a great student of war and military history. He has not written authoritatively on military philosophy like Wavell, but his papers at the Staff College at Quetta are still the admiration of all who have seen them for clarity and real insight into military affairs.

When the 1914-1918 war broke out Auchinleck was to be found everywhere where any fighting was going on in the East. He did not have to fight on the Western Front and so was spared the dreariness of trench warfare, that dreariness which tended to make our generals think that all future wars would be static. Auchinleck's experience in Egypt, at Aden, in Kurdistan, and in Iraq did

BY A BROTHER OFFICER

not give him the fatal "digging in" complex which proved such a handicap in the attempt to stem the German advance through France in 1940.

Bloodless Victory

The war over, he remained in the India he loved and gradually the promotion which he had so richly deserved came to him. But he had to wait until 1933 when he was nearly fifty to obtain the command of a brigade. Then this quiet man gave a taste of his quality. He showed that generalship need not depend for success on slaughter and the wilful sacrifice of men and machines. There

was trouble among the Mohmand tribesmen. It was necessary to send 5,000 men up the Kamalai Valley to make a demonstration and bring the unruly tribesmen to book. The whole campaign was carried out with a masterly swiftness, and apart from the few men who fell sick, the Imperial Forces suffered no casualties.

After this command, of the "Mohforce," as it was officially called, he was marked out for fame and when the present war broke out he was called on for immediate active service in Europe. His evacuation of the troops from Narvik, although it was personally a great disappointment, was again a masterpiece of technique, quietly evolved and carried out through the mind of this man of very few words.

In England we have a special interest at the moment in General Auchinleck apart from what he may do in his new position in Cairo. He was for a time in charge of the Southern Command, and when the Home Guard was formed he was frankly skeptical of its usefulness. But he is a big man, and when he had seen the units in training and watched their enthusiasm he came to change his mind.

And one of the first things he did when he returned to India was to announce that although he never believed there ever existed such a thing as an impregnable fortress, the Regular Army together with the Home Guard had made Britain as nearly an impregnable a fortress as history is likely to record.

LAMBTON . . . SCENE OF THE 1941 CANADIAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



Links of INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL

FOR A CENTURY the tolerance, understanding and friendship between the United States and Canada have enabled the two countries to follow their own paths . . . work out their own destinies . . . and yet enjoy complete and satisfying international harmony. The boundary between the United States and Canada is geographical, and not military . . . a friendly border over which the citizens of both countries cross and recross . . . each meeting the other on an equal and friendly footing.

That is why the Canadian Open

Golf Championship is something more than a major sport event. It is an international meeting place . . . a fairway of friendship where sportsmanship prevails and the golfing aces of the United States and Canada compete in friendly rivalry for the honour of winning the "Open" and the Seagram Gold Cup.

The House of Seagram extends greetings to all golfers from the United States and Canada whose presence makes possible this link in the chain of international goodwill.



The Canadian Open Golf Championship, Lambton Golf and Country Club, August 7th, 8th and 9th

House of Seagram

Work Goes On While Invasion Is Awaited

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

AS I make my way each week to the other Post where I do relief duty, I pass, in the bus, rows and rows of empty houses and shops, "Post Roselands six" being on the outskirts of the town, almost every kind of activity and inactivity can be seen while travelling there. But as we approach our destination life seems a bit more normal. On the left is the bus depot, a large arcaded building; behind on one side are the gasworks, and a little farther on, the electricity headquarters; in front of these is a crescent with many small council-built houses, nearly all still occupied.

A raised pavement with its row of small shops always interests me. The corner grocery store, in spite of larder restrictions, manages to keep its windows always abundantly attractive, making the passer-by halt; an unused soap box has a Union Jack in each corner of it; a clock over the door always tells the hour. Farther down the pavement, little

HAVING got out of the bus too soon, I walk a little way down to the Post, and scan on my left the hundreds of allotments, so tidily ready with planted seed in the warm tilled earth. A stream trickles uncertainly here and there. What an outlet this gardening is! We'll live on vegetables if we have to, but starve? We roll up our sleeves,

busy places pursue their daily work. The butcher's shop is clean and inviting, in the sentry-like box, a woman is always sitting ready to make change for customers. I feel, did I live in that quarter of the town, I could do very well with these tradespeople. A bit farther on I see an A.R.P. Warden's sign; I feel here is a comrade. A very small shop, and in it is just one person, the ever busy boot and shoe repairer. He isn't very chatty, his work is too absorbing. Yes, he is a Warden at a Roselands post, of course he does his share of fire watching!

This article, by a Canadian writer now resident for a number of years in England, was written in early summer, before the period of respite began, but its picture of the psychological state of the people in the bombed areas is still valid. They are "not even nervy. This war is producing an absence of personal nerves, an absence of protruding egos. Not to be a casualty, for one's country's sake, is necessary. Carry on becomes almost a religion."

let the fellow come along who dares to tell us *that!*

"Roselands six," a very different Post to "Central three" Mr. and Mrs. Post Warden have devoted their home for the duration. Mrs. Warden, a volunteer like myself, has done away with peace-time daintiness, for the grimmer necessities of war. Her husband, in civil life a lorry driver for a big haulage firm, is the Senior or Post Warden. Wards, messengers, boys, spotters, fire fighters tramp in and out at any hour. Yet Mrs. Warden keeps her house going, does all her own work including the household laundry, with often the extra labor and clothes-washing for a homeless warden whose family has gone away, while their house is being patched up—perhaps to be able to live in again. Nor are humans the only evacuees. On my day there, Mr. and Mrs. Warden both go down to the allotment, the only time they can go together, to look after those precious seeds, which have been buried and are beginning to show resurrection. Mrs. Warden, in slacks and her Warden's coat, is the universal helper in that district, but the things she likes doing best are those she can do with "hubby."

"I," says Mrs. Warden, "will then go back to skirts and pretty things, and take a joy in my home again. Hubby and I will go off for a lovely holiday in the car—but now? Oh, we've just got to see this job packed up."

POSTERS of renewed evacuation of our town are on street walls and doors, reminding us that we are in a probable invasion zone. A smaller pamphlet delivered by the postman tells us: "If invasion finds you in this town, and you are not ordered to leave, you must act on the instructions to stand firm. But you can help to defeat the invader by leaving now if you can be spared and have somewhere to go." Then follows a list of those to whom this particularly applies. "If you are one of these you should arrange to go to some other part of the country. You should not go to the coastal area of East Anglia (including Essex), Kent or Sussex. If you are in need of help you can have your railway fare paid and a billeting allowance paid to any relative or friend with whom you stay. If you are going, go quickly." After a list of essential workers who must stay, comes in heavier type: "When invasion is upon us it may be necessary to evacuate the remaining population of this and certain other towns. Evacuation would then be compulsory at short notice, in crowded trains, with scanty luggage, to destinations chosen by the government.

The front room upstairs has been turned into a sort of Club for about

fifteen boys between sixteen and nineteen extra fire spotters, post messengers. Of an evening they assemble there, play darts or snooker, chess or cards; an embryo library adorns a shelf; each member pays two pence weekly for expenses, such as a fire, or perhaps some type of restricted refreshment. Mr. and Mrs. Warden never have their home to themselves, for every night a voluntary fire watcher is on duty in the front room. But both of them tell me, "Let's get through the war first."

"I," says Mrs. Warden, "will then go back to skirts and pretty things, and take a joy in my home again. Hubby and I will go off for a lovely holiday in the car—but now? Oh, we've just got to see this job packed up."

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I AM alone in the front room, I know where all the first-aid supplies are. I know what to reply on the telephone, so I sit down and take out my knitting. No! I'm not alone; a dog thinking I shouldn't work jumps on to my lap. He is the only legitimate member of the household; a cat evacuee is curled round in front of the fire. In three cages are eight vividly colored Budgerigars chattering and tapping their beaks on the cage's bars. They like company. The fire is cheerful and at my elbow is a very inquisitive and gay goldfish. He comes to the edge of the bowl and watches me. I am indeed not alone, and the live-stock is very friendly.

The front room upstairs has been turned into a sort of Club for about

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But from rious Tremblin towards Beach even seemed the path I surely it me here is a re He's getting An explosion come down And I pray dress myself down to the and has occu

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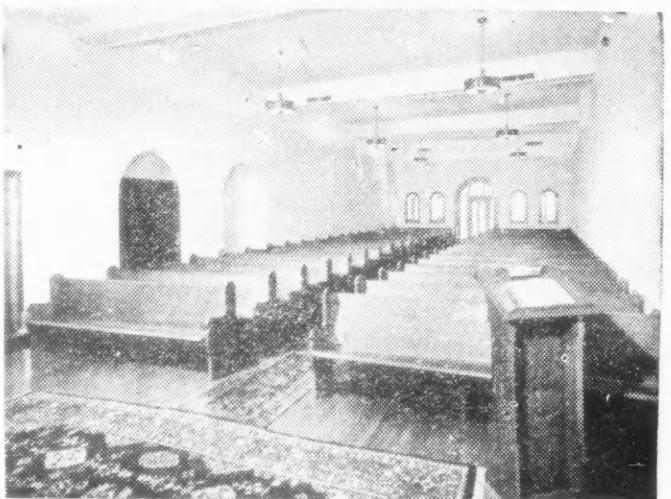
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Living in comparative peace and quiet in her cottage in Berkshire, Eng., grey-haired, motherly Mrs. Norris felt that she could be doing her bit to help the blitzed Londoners. So she offered to take seven children from London who had been bombed out of their homes. The cameraman here has caught Mrs. Norris and her evacuated blood as they finished eating.



soft green downs rise up in renewed contemplation of the Channel, the cliffs stand out rugged and forbidding, culminating in the formidable Beachy Head. Below is the light-house which flashes out in peace time its beacon for the safety of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

On such a day as makes hearts glad, the siren wailed out its warning. The "all clear" proclaimed immunity from danger a little later. Then, before 10 o'clock again a warning we had five of these alarms that day. Over flew the R.A.F. The noise increased. I thought, "I believe those planes of ours are the Polish fliers which we often seem to have nowadays. Their very flying issues a challenge to the beasts who have taken everything in life from them." The activity increased. Ah! an explosion, another, and yet another. "It's over Roselands way" I told myself.

But from my window I saw a furious trembling machine tearing out towards Beachy Head. The Downs even seemed to swell with emotion the path I see rising to the top, surely it moves forward too? Ah, here is a relentless Hurricane . . . He's getting him . . . he's got him! An explosion. The enemy begins to come down—they both disappear. And I pray as I feverishly try to dress myself that our pilot has gone down to the sea in his flying ship, and has occupied himself in delivering the enemy into the great waters.

I RACE out, and get into a bus. Some are sitting, some are standing all are talking. "I know he got him" says one woman, "there's no sound like the one when they are brought down into the sea." Everyone is cautious, they have heard there were casualties we try to underestimate rather than exaggerate. The bus depot has had a direct hit.

"That's Roselands five's job," I thought. Not a window broken just a High Explosive went through and made a large crater in the cement base—"They are using smaller stuff," a fellow warden tells me. "Smaller stuff? Yes—but that means lateral blast bombs," I reply. They spread their damage with greater devastation.

One of these alone that day penetrated into and wrecked thirty-two houses. "Please God" I hoped, "the enemy I saw did go down into the sea—too clean sea." I came upon the scene, I see, near the bus depot, four completely wrecked houses. Casualties? Three dead, eighteen wounded. Among the dead is "Little Boy" aged six. Little Boy was playing indoors. He went out, heard the siren, went down to a coal cellar for safety. No, he didn't go down to the sea, he ascended into Heaven, and left us, as ever, quiet, cold, not angry. Oh no! Why be angry? We've got to get on with this job, and it's no use even letting ourselves think of anything else, but that no matter what we hear, no matter what we suffer, we are right now winning a war, that our strength increases with each tribulation.

MAPAVEMENT? Where were the well stocked windows of the grocery store? It was there, but instead of the tins of soup and other food were many large signs, advising us what to do. "If you don't see what you want outside, come in and see us." The clock? Oh, it has stopped at 9:45 under it was the notice "The time the bomb hit us." The box with its Union Jack was on the floor just inside the door. I looked up and now realized that many Union Jacks were waving courageously from the shops.

I looked into my fellow warden's shop. A piece of linoleum protected him from the wind and weather. A candle was at his elbow, it was dark in his little corner. His head was bent over his work, he was shaving off the edge of a new sole on the boot he gripped between his knees. Too busy to talk, but in large letters on a signboard in the windowless front was the information, "Blasted well open," and the national emblem bravely waved its red, white and blue from above. The six o'clock news that night told us we had not overestimated. There had been casualties in a South East coast town, and an enemy raider had been shot down into the sea just off Beachy Head.

AND then they began again on London, and we had the procession roaring over us in waves. Hour after hour they passed. The heaviest we had ever heard. Afraid? I don't believe there is an afraid person in England. Nervy? No, not even that. This war is producing an absence of personal nerves, an absence of protruding egos. Not to be a casualty for one's country's sake is necessary. Carry on each, in what way we can, becomes almost a religion.

But when those planes roar over us, and we look out from our unlit rooms into the black night, and see the flashes over there up London

way, our hearts become cold with frustration. What can we do? Nothing. But we can pray. What for? That we individually will be passed over? No, no. Then shall we pray that we will be casualties instead of others? Again, no. Then what shall we pray for? We cannot pray—we cannot think—we just wait while Nazi Germany moves on over us, and a purpose is born which teaches us the meaning of this world's present martyrdom.

Machinery will not win wars, it only breeds hate. As Hitler marches on, farther and farther away from reason, his Nemesis increases, and there will be no nervous people left

here in Europe. There will be no pompous pride allowed in mankind. Individual freedom to choose will be demanded freedom from fear freedom to think to live.

AFTER weary hours of waiting the night wears on. Four, five the enemy returns. Thousands of glad, thousands of young and old have been killed in the past few hours. I reach out in my darkened room for my little companion, my black Paddy cat. His purring is a message of peace and love. I listen to the drowsing of those throbbing machines of Satan, and I find at last I am able to pray. I hear again, "I am with you

always." "I have set my face as a flint. I know that I shall not be ashamed. Suffering has a disciplinary value. Lift up your hearts, for we are not alone."

Morning brings with it renewed summer sunshine. I push back my curtain. The path at the end of the road leads up to the top of the Downs, and goes on to Beachy Head and to the clean sweet air of downs and sea. The sun glistens on the trembling waters we are never alone.

We set our hearts go forward without fear, for we see the hills and know that if we lift up our eyes unto these, from there cometh our salvation.

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- Lubricate efficiently; worn engines waste gasoline.
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A PRESS report from London early this week encouraged the idea of an early British landing at Petsamo, in northern Finland, to make contact with the Russians; and the victory-by-Christmas people are absolutely sure that a large British force will be thrown on to the Continent shortly.

There probably has been, or will be, a strong call from Russia for more than aerial action as a relieving offensive in the west of Europe; and it is hard to believe that the "V" campaign would have been launched just at this time unless it were to be followed by strong action. Yet there are still a great many "ifs" to the widely expressed hopes of an early British landing on the Continent.

Raids like that on the Lofoten Islands there ought to be indeed, there *must* be such raids, many of them, up and down the 3000-mile coast line which the Germans seized with such confident intention of using it offensively against Britain, but which has become a great liability now that it has to be watched and defended. But how many divisions and how many tanks has Britain ready to throw on to the Continent for a big offensive today? It is said that the Germans had increased their ten armored divisions of the Flanders campaign to eighteen or twenty by the beginning of the Russian campaign. But starting from scratch last summer the Americans have only been able to partially equip two

THE HITLER WAR

A Landing on the Continent This Year?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

armored divisions. Britain didn't start very far ahead of the scratch mark after Dunkirk. She had some re-designing of her tanks to do, and had to give her first attention to planes and ships. Has she been able to outfit as many as five or six armored divisions, outside of the forces sent to the Middle East? Similarly, Germany, who is pre-eminently a land power, is said to have raised and equipped another hundred infantry divisions during the past year. Has Britain, with all her preoccupation in the air and at sea, been able to outfit more than fifty, in addition to forces dispatched to other theatres of war?

Without any secret information to go on I would be surprised if we could place more than forty or fifty divisions, including five fully armored ones, ashore in France at the present stage of the war. Since Dunkirk all our plans have looked towards 1942 as the date when our arms production, and the American, would be in

full flood and great armies raised and equipped. Canada's armored division, for example, will hardly be equipped and trained before next spring. And if, as General Wavell said just before he left for India, we will need American tank and infantry forces for a big push on the Continent, then it will certainly be next summer at the earliest before such an operation can be undertaken.

Need Dive-Bombers

Shipping for the moving and supplying of a large army on the Continent would present a serious problem this year. And it may be questioned whether our Army Co-operation aviation is sufficiently developed. There has been no sign, for instance, of a British dive-bomber to serve our advance as the Stukas served the Germans. (Not that we will slavishly copy German tactics, but such a flying artillery is necessary to the swift advance of armored forces). If, too, the direct participation of the U.S. Air Corps is counted on for this drive against Germany, it is still no nearer than Iceland and has only begun to prepare bases in Northern Ireland and Scotland. Selling and leasing so many planes to Britain, the U.S. cannot present a powerful, modern air force of her own until 1942.

Taking all of these factors into consideration, and the fact that we still have to clean up the Mediterranean and guard the whole Middle East, it seems that we can only land on the Continent this year if and when Germany suffers very severe losses and is definitely tied down in Russia. If the Germans have, as General Sikorski declares, already suffered a million casualties; if ten of the fifteen armored divisions which they have engaged in Russia have been badly mauled, as a United Press dispatch from London suggested at the beginning of the week; if the Red Air Force survives as a powerful fighting unit; if it is clear that the Russians can tie down the major part of the German Army *then* the situation would permit us to strike, nay, it would demand that we strike now, ready or half-ready.

Five armored divisions might be the most the Germans could immediately muster against us, and it would take some time for them to withdraw others from Russia, overhaul and reinforce them, and move them to the Channel. If our Army Co-operation aviation is not fully developed, our present fighter and bomber strength appears adequate to sweep the skies for a hundred miles or more beyond the Dover Straits. And if the German armies were going in reverse in Russia, German cities being pounded more and more heavily by the R.A.F.'s big bombers, the "V" campaign bearing fruit in daring sabotage and growing defiance throughout occupied Europe, our relatively small army might be able to defeat twice as large a German force, push through to the Ruhr, and end the war by Christmas. But this is counting on a happy combination of all factors in our favor. Optimist that I am, I can't seriously expect things to come out so nicely as that. We would be on sounder ground if we fixed our hopes on the Christmas after next.

Dispersed Maginot Line

Gratifying to us and mortifying to Hitler as Soviet resistance has been, we are far from knowing the outcome of the war in Russia yet. No matter how the battle goes from now on, it does seem, however, that Hitler has been robbed of the shining military victory, the rich raw material booty and the complete elimination of the Red Army, which he sought. In the Stalin Line and the tactics by which it has been held the

Russians have given the first successful answer to the Nazi Blitzkrieg technique. The most interesting particulars of this defence system which I have seen in print were presented by a writer in last Sunday's *New York Times*.

The Stalin Line, he says, is a "dispersed Maginot", a deep defence zone designed not to repel the German flood but to absorb it like a sponge. It consists of great numbers of self-sufficient, well-stocked systems of fortifications, small ones to take a company or two, large ones to take one or more brigades. The smaller ones consist of concrete bunkers arranged around a central fortification like the spokes of a wheel. The larger ones are triangular in shape. All have underground garages for tanks, and can serve as filling-stations for any Soviet tank forces roaming free, or coming to their relief. A trench debouching in a nearby woods or grain field offers a chance of escape when ammunition and supplies have run out, and tractors from local collective farms may be pressed into service to haul away the guns.

Thus the hundreds of thousands of Russians whom the Germans have been claiming for weeks to have encircled *were intended to be encircled*. Banking on her great resources in man-power, Russia deliberately planned to sacrifice these men to occupy the German Army and divert its attention until all the steam had been taken out of the advance. We have watched this actually work out in this way, seen the Germans stalled for weeks in the Narva, Palkov, Nevel, Smolensk, Novograd-Volhynsk and Zhitomir sectors. What we don't know is whether the German losses have been proportionate to the Russian, and whether the Soviet High Command has used the respite so dearly bought to mobilize and equip new formations to replace the large numbers of well-trained troops and great mass of equipment sacrificed in the Stalin Line defence.

Third Phase of Attack

We don't know, in short, whether the Soviets have staked too much on a defence of their western border, and prejudiced their ancient and proven strategy of retreat into Russia's spaces. For the moment the Germans, held in the centre, appear to be developing the third phase of their attack with some success in the north and south. In particular, a claw is stretching ominously down between the Dniester and Dnieper, with the military aim of outflanking the strong Dniester defences, and the economic objective of seizing Krivoi Rog, source of two-thirds of the Soviet iron supply, the great Dnieprstroy hydro station, the industrial centre of Dniepropetrovsk, and the crops of the Western Ukraine. I don't think that Hitler can still win what he wants in the way of a prestige victory, and the Russian scorched earth policy promises to cheat him of the expected loot in grain and oil; but he could still win a military victory in Russia which would free half of his army for action in the West and establish odds of three to one against our expeditionary force. We ought to know about this in another three or four weeks.

It must be said, however, that the Russian showing to date, the high state of morale reported by *New York Times* correspondent C. L. Sulzberger after a fortnight's trip across the country, and negotiations with Britain and America for aid which must of necessity be some time coming, all impress one that the Stalin regime intends to stick this out to the end. Soviet ability to launch a great counter-offensive and put the Nazi advance into reverse may be an unknown factor, but could be no more surprising to most foreign observers than the success so far achieved in stemming the German drive.

While speaking of surprises, it seems to me that one of the most surprising features of the Nazi-Soviet clash is the German failure to sweep the Baltic clear. The Germans were supposed to have a navy which was at least capable of ruling the Baltic. I confess that I thought that the new *Tirpitz* (sister-ship to the *Bismarck*) and the old battleships *Schlesien* and *Schleswig-Holstein*, the *Admiral Hipper*, *Nurnberg*, *Leipzig*, *Emden* and such other cruisers as Germany might have completed since the Norwegian campaign, and Nazi lighter forces could have made rather an easy meal of the Soviet Baltic Fleet, consisting of two old battleships, four new cruisers, eight new destroyers and a number of old ones, with an unknown number of submarines. The German failure to rout this Soviet force, or even protect their convoys, makes one wonder whether the *Tirpitz* is yet commissioned (many of the officers and men who were to man her may have gone down on the *Bismarck*), and whether Germany disposes of as many cruisers as we thought. *Emden* and *Leipzig* are known to have been severely damaged by torpedoes a year or more ago, and their repair may have been held up or the ships further damaged by our raids on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. These raids, it is said, have forced the Germans to transfer their main naval base activities to Danzig and Gdynia. *Hipper* hasn't been heard of since she tried to raid a convoy off Ireland last Christmas, and was driven off with some damage. I don't remember hearing of *Nurnberg* during the entire war. *Prinz Eugen* is at Brest, probably damaged. And nothing at all has been heard of the four 8000-ton cruisers laid down in 1937-39, which may indicate that after the Norwegian campaign Germany diverted almost her whole naval ship-building effort to turning out U-boats.

Bismarck is unquestionably at the bottom of the Atlantic, and *Gneisenau*, according to French reports smuggled out of Brest, has been so severely damaged by our air attacks that she will need to be half-rebuilt. There may be a little more doubt about *Scharnhorst*, the target of equally persistent attacks since early April, but now moved 200 miles away to La Pallice. Whether this has been done under her own power has not been published, although with the help of the occupied populations we must have an almost perfect intelligence service throughout France and the other occupied countries of Western Europe.

Naval Situation

This tally and the Admiralty's would be far more exact than mine. undoubtedly has a bearing on two far removed naval actions of the past week, the appearance of an aircraft-carrier off Northern Norway and Finland, and the reported presence of the battleship *Warspite* with a strengthened British Asiatic squadron in the Gulf of Siam. The bombing of Kirkenes and Petsamo by the Fleet Air Arm has given rise to a rumor that we might be about to land there. But this seems too far from our home air bases; after Norway, Greece and Crete, we are not going to make that mistake again.

The shifting of the *Warspite*, and perhaps other capital ships, to the Far East backs up our new policy of firmness against Japan. With Britain, the United States, the Netherlands Indies and China standing solidly together in the south, and American public opinion demonstrating a strong majority in favor of war-like use of the fleet to stop Japan if necessary, it seems unlikely that Tokyo will take the irrevocable step of attacking Singapore or attempting to seize the oil-fields of Borneo. Their present wave of aggression may however, carry them as far as control of Siam without involving them in war with the allied front. Simultaneous engagement of the Russians in the north would seem to be madness, though there are reports of feaver attacks having been made on the Amur already, and it is plain that in the present Japanese regime we are dealing with men who have decided to plunge in and win all or nothing.



Impelled more by fear of their traditional Russian enemy than by love for the Nazi New Order in Europe, both Finland and Denmark have joined Germany in the war against the Soviet. The former has thrown herself into the fight on an all-out scale. To date Denmark has sent only token forces to join the German army. These are Danish volunteers arriving "somewhere in Germany" where they join French and Spanish token units.

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IT WAS cl the eveni and last mi being made to of Common The Chief Taylor, dasher's office, died.

"Tell me," ly. "What d Mrs. Fora G Prime Minis know at on

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The Chief a moment, time to be most solemn surname wa member's m departed at the almost long arm o

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Mrs. C. T ton East Speaker

IT WAS close to eight o'clock on the evening of June the eleventh and last minute preparations were being made to introduce to the House of Commons Canada's newest M.P. The Chief Government Whip, Mr. Taylor, dashed into a cabinet minister's office. He was hasty personified.

"Tell me," he inquired breathlessly, "what does the 'T' stand for in Mrs. Cora Casselman's name? The Prime Minister's office would like to know at once."

"That," said an obliging Secretary, "stands for 'Taylor'."

The Chief Whip looked startled for a moment, then grim. This was no time to be frivolous. But after the most solemn assurance that his own surname was in fact the new lady member's middle name, Mr. Taylor departed at top speed, marvelling at the almost incredible reach of the long arm of coincidence.

As she approached Mr. Speaker escorted by the Prime Minister and his colleague, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mrs. Casselman must have been conscious of Destiny's pen tracing new entries on the pages of Canadian parliamentary history. When Mr. Speaker greeted her with a handshake amid loud applause, the Commons officially welcomed the first Liberal woman M.P.; the first woman to be elected to Parliament in a by-election; the first widow to fill a seat at Ottawa vacated by her husband's death; the first woman graduate of a Canadian university to enter the House; and incidentally, the first of the gentler sex to participate in the ever-interesting initiation ceremony reserved only for those members returned between general elections.

A Native of Bruce

A woman of education and refinement, Mrs. Casselman has bravely plunged into the challenging sea of politics and found it much to her liking. The readiness and ease with which she adapted herself to parliamentary life and surroundings made a profound impression in the capital. She has a quiet dignity and strength, a goodly measure of assurance, and above all, a determined purpose to be of service in her new role.

Ontario, as well as Alberta, can claim Cora Casselman as daughter. She was born at Tara in Ontario's Bruce County, to Frank M. and Elizabeth Noble Watt. Moving to Toronto Junction with her parents, Cora Watt attended the high school there, now Humberside Collegiate Institute. One of her fellow students was a round-faced youth called Fred Conroy, now His Worship the Mayor of Toronto. She also received high school training in Barrie and later attended Queen's University, Kingston. A gold medallist in the Faculty of Education, Miss Watt became a member of the Kingston Collegiate Institute staff in 1913.

It was at Queen's that she first met Fred Casselman. Bright opportunities in the fast-developing West called the young lawyer to Edmonton where Cora Watt joined him in 1920 when they were married shortly



Mrs. C. T. Casselman, M.P. for Edmonton East, was introduced to the Speaker by Mr. King on June 11 last.

—Karp, Ottawa.

The New Lady Member

BY WALTER DAWSON

ly before he enlisted for active service. Lieutenant Casselman won his commission with an Imperial regiment, and for gallantry under fire was awarded the Military Cross.

Mrs. Casselman's training in public affairs has equipped her in a special way for parliamentary duties.

For a number of years she acted as secretary to the Edmonton Branch of the League of Nations Society. She has long been an active member of the University Women's Club in the Alberta Capital and also of various social welfare organizations including the Child Refugee Committee.

Her late husband's lengthy service as Edmonton School Trustee and City Alderman brought her into close contact with public questions. But not all these pursuits could distract Mrs. Casselman from the happy tasks of home-making and the motherly care of her daughter Frances. Fairly tall, with soft-waved silvery hair, finely-textured skin, full sensitive lips and expressive dark eyes, she will never, one may rest confident, allow devotion to public duties to impair her womanly charm.

Mrs. Casselman has lost no time in gathering together the broken threads of her late husband's mission, to weave the pattern of a parliamentary career in her own right. She arrived in Ottawa on a Monday, took her seat in the House on Wednesday, Parliament adjourned on Saturday. On Sunday, a life-long Ottawa friend remarked to her:

"I am looking forward to hearing your maiden speech."

"You won't," Mrs. Casselman smilingly replied, "I've already made it!"

It was in the closing hours that she rose to speak. Her initial effort

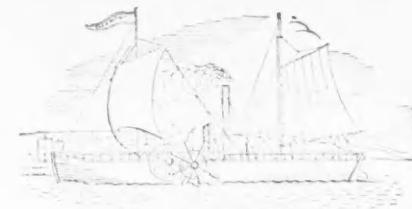
was brief, convincing, practical and constructive. She pleaded with the Minister of Pensions not to lose sight of the individual in the mass; to interpret regulations generously in deserving cases of special need. In expressing heartfelt appreciation of her warm welcome to the Commons, she confessed:

"I feel I am undertaking this responsibility with my late husband's whole knowledge and approval."

The lady member from Edmonton East is striking a new note in the chorus of parliamentary voices. The Canadian people will soon realize that this unassuming, clear-eyed woman has something distinctive and worth while to contribute to the solution of pressing national problems.



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SOME people succeed in making sports pay off handsomely in the good, hard cash of the realm. Professional athletes sometimes do. Amateurs too, in the better-organized branches. People who manufacture or sell sporting goods earn a very comfortable living. Athletic commissioners ladle quantities of gravy off the top without doing anything constructive for it.

These people view sport with a nice logic. It buys baby a lot of new shoes and is better than working for a living.

There are other people, however, whose sole financial connection with the broad world of sport lies in supporting the above. They play golf and tennis, ski and fish, and do a lot of other things, without expecting any cash return with the exception of the odd side-bet. Yet, strangely enough, they often work harder at their varied activities and are apparently more determined to achieve a rather futile perfection than the professionals.

There is no logic at all in this.

SKIING, for example, is a deservedly popular pastime which carries many a country doctor through the hard winter months. There is grand exercise in laboring up a hill climbing two paces and sliding down three. There are thrills and exhilaration in coasting down the hills again, especially forwards. At the bottom there

WORLD OF SPORT

Making a Business Out of Sport

BY KIMBALL McILROY

is nourishment for the soul in the harsh contact with Mother Earth.

For many years people skied like this poorly but energetically and were happy. The wise ones still do, when they are not crowded or shamed from their favorite hills by members of the new school to whom skiing is not a sport but a business, something in which perfection is to be preferred over pleasure. These newcomers pass the long evenings with their wrinkled brows deep in textbooks. They argue heatedly over the respective merits of various intricate harnesses. They pay good dollars to assorted Swiss and Austrian instructors and from them learn the glib use of obscure terms. They spend their skiing time seriously-mindedly practicing jumps and turns and their day is spoiled if no improvement is noted. Most of them cannot negotiate a simple hill without falling. They don't appear to matter so long as their style and form are proper and correct.

ENJOYMENT of the fine old game of golf is essentially derived from the same principle which impels little boys to play catch or bounce a tennis ball off the wall—the principle of imparting motion to a small sphere and wondering where it is going to land. The precise moment of excitement in golf is in the act of hitting the ball. Consequently, the higher the number of strokes played the greater the pleasure to be derived from each round.

For years following the innovation of the game this cardinal principle was kept in mind. Players jokingly pretended shame at their high scores, but inwardly they didn't give a damn. They were having fun.

Some of them are still having fun. Others haven't the time to enjoy the game. They are too busy consulting the club pro in a desperate effort to remove some kink in their stance, hanging around locker rooms and sporting goods stores in search of the latest and most widely advertised

clubs, or worrying themselves into poor health over the fact that they can't break eighty-seven. For them it isn't a game any longer; it's a business.

IAAK WALTON said just about everything there is to say about fishing in his dissertation on the Compleat Angler. Mr. Walton was a man who understood that the basic aim in fishing is not the number or size of the fish caught, but rather the fun to be derived from attempting to outwit the fish, preferably with a minimum of equipment both as to quality and amount.

The average fisherman of today, however, has reached an impasse. In his heedless eagerness to catch as many big fish as the law and his conscience allow, he has so loaded himself with rods, lures, and gadgets that he becomes hopelessly confused long before he puts a hook into the water, and so confuses the fish that they swim away in search of an artless worm.

In desperation he hires a guide and to the mournful sound of old Izaak revolving in his grave faster than the Nazi foreign policy, sets out to trap the stubborn creatures with professional assistance. The guide, of course, using a hook and minnow and a little patience, gets the fish and the baffled fisherman spends the months until his next vacation buying an entirely new assortment of wholly superfluous equipment and reading books on How To Fish. He derives little or no pleasure from his hobby; he has confused the means with the end.

Devotees of a dozen other sports have fallen willingly or unwillingly for the same business. That professional instructors should exist to teach people how to play is almost a contradiction in terms. Children play their games without help or advice. It is only when we grow older that we need to be taught.

THE explanation is obvious. We have forgotten the reason for our playing, which should be relaxation and enjoyment and has become instead a ceaseless effort to surpass our playmates in technical skill.

It is only rarely that we hear a child bragging of his elusiveness at Hide-and-Seek or see one taking lessons in the advanced European technique of Squat Tag. The kids figure that such superfluous knowledge would only interfere with their enjoyment of the game.

They've got something there.

THE powers-that-be in the Interprovincial Rugby Union have caused pleased consternation in the ranks of both friends and critics by courageously adopting Alternative Three as outlined in these columns on their last appearance. Not only have they decided to carry on this Fall, but they have gallantly acceded to the plaintive wails of the virtually stranded Balmy Beach aggregation and admitted them to replace the toothless Hamilton Tigers.

Despite the legal hocus-pocus which accompanied the move as it seems to accompany every move in high sporting circles, creating an entirely new and temporary league so that the aliens from the Beach would not contaminate the I.R.F.U.'s fine old traditions, the new set-up will be popular. Some of this popularity will fall to the I.R.F.U. officials, who can use it. Everyone should be happy.

Everyone but the O.R.F.U., who have rarely been very happy anyhow and probably wouldn't know how to act if they were. They will apparently have to carry on with soldier teams. If they do, the fans ought to support them. The Camp Borden outfit didn't do so well last year, mainly because they had to condense a whole week's practice into the ten minutes before each game began. But four such teams would compete on an equal basis and should show some good football.

Now that we've heard something definite from the West and it's extraordinary how they kept silent for so long we can sit back and await the opening whistle.

Unless the C.R.U. declares the whole thing illegal on the grounds that the profits will be scandalously donated to war charities.



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Joseph M. Pigott

The Housing Man

BY H. E. WILLMOT

IN THE scramble and rush for production in this war men are being called to do the seeming impossible. Spread across Canada from ocean to ocean, from the United States border to the Laurentian highlands, are hundreds of plants and factories turning out war supplies. Many of these plants are enlarging, and at the same time new factories are being erected. Before the buildings are completed and machinery moved in the workers arrive to take over. All this means much shifting of population and in consequence a need for living accommodation. In brief, these workers must be housed.

To meet this situation the Government at Ottawa had to act. It sought for a man experienced in building construction who could supervise the erection of two to three thousand houses in a hurry a mass production job. Experience means competence to settle on a design, to locate supplies and assemble them, to coordinate the trades, to have the houses ready for occupancy as the workers—men and women—arrive to operate the plants. The man called on to undertake this job is Joseph M. Pigott, president of the Pigott Construction Co. of Hamilton.

It was no mere chance that Mr. Pigott was approached by Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, to devote his time all of it to this work. He knows building construction thoroughly, from the ground up, inside and out. He was born into it. His father was a master builder. The city hall in Hamilton, done 52 years ago, is one of his jobs. Instinct drew the son Joseph into his father's business after completing a collegiate education. He matriculated into the university of practical affairs where he learned to think some ideas out for himself.

Apprentice Project

Early in this construction experience Mr. Pigott began to observe labor problems. Twenty years ago he found that skilled workmen were becoming scarce. Young men were sidestepping the building trades. He made a study to find the reason and saw a solution in revising the apprenticeship system. With the interest and co-operation of several leading men in the business Mr. Pigott assisted in drafting the Ontario Apprenticeship Act of 1928, and became chairman of the board appointed to direct its operation.

Later on when it was apparent that this system might fill a need in the country, he proposed a change in the vocational school system, giving industry more control over the training. The idea was to combine school and field work, so that the training in the schools fitted directly into the industry. More recently that idea has been broadened, and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, through a representative committee, studied the question of co-operation. That committee's report is now with the Minister of Education for Ontario.

The schools give the boys elementary training in the pre-apprenticeship years, that is, between the ages of 13 and 17. Over a ten-year period some 2000 skilled mechanics have been produced by this system in Ontario, with always between 300 and 400 good men coming along.

Coming to the war and its problems, he helped organize the National Joint Conference in Construction. This is an advisory body made up of employers and workers. It is intended to prevent delays through strikes or other causes where buildings have to be rushed up and made ready because of war demands.

The Buildings

Mr. Pigott is reluctant to talk about his own efforts, but he will discuss the reforms he has tried to establish in the industry. To learn of some of the principal buildings he has erected the writer had to go to other sources for information. A few may be named to indicate what experience he is going to give to Wartime Housing Limited, for that is the name which this housing scheme for munitions workers goes under: Royal Ontario Museum; Royal Military College, Kingston; McMaster University, Hamilton; Loretto Abbey, Toronto; St. Peter's Seminary, London; Mount Carmel College, Niagara Falls; the Basilica of Christ the King, Hamilton.

For weeks after his appointment as president of Wartime Housing Limited Mr. Pigott was a most difficult man to catch. First he drew on his knowledge of men with experience to make up his staff. A survey had to be undertaken of the housing needs all over the country in relation to war work. He had to examine hundreds of designs submitted, had to be satisfied that materials—lumber, bricks, plumbing, heating units, hardware, electric fittings—could be had and delivered where and when wanted.

Now it is reported that over 2000 houses are being rushed to completion. Where? Halifax, where they are badly needed; New Glasgow, N.S., Hamilton, Windsor, Welland, Fort Erie, St. Catharines, Peterborough, Fort William. These 2000 houses are family units. In addition there are staff houses for 1500 more people. In some of these are built recreation rooms and bowling alleys to enable tired workers an opportunity to relax. This is the start.



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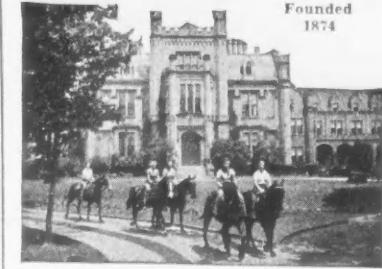
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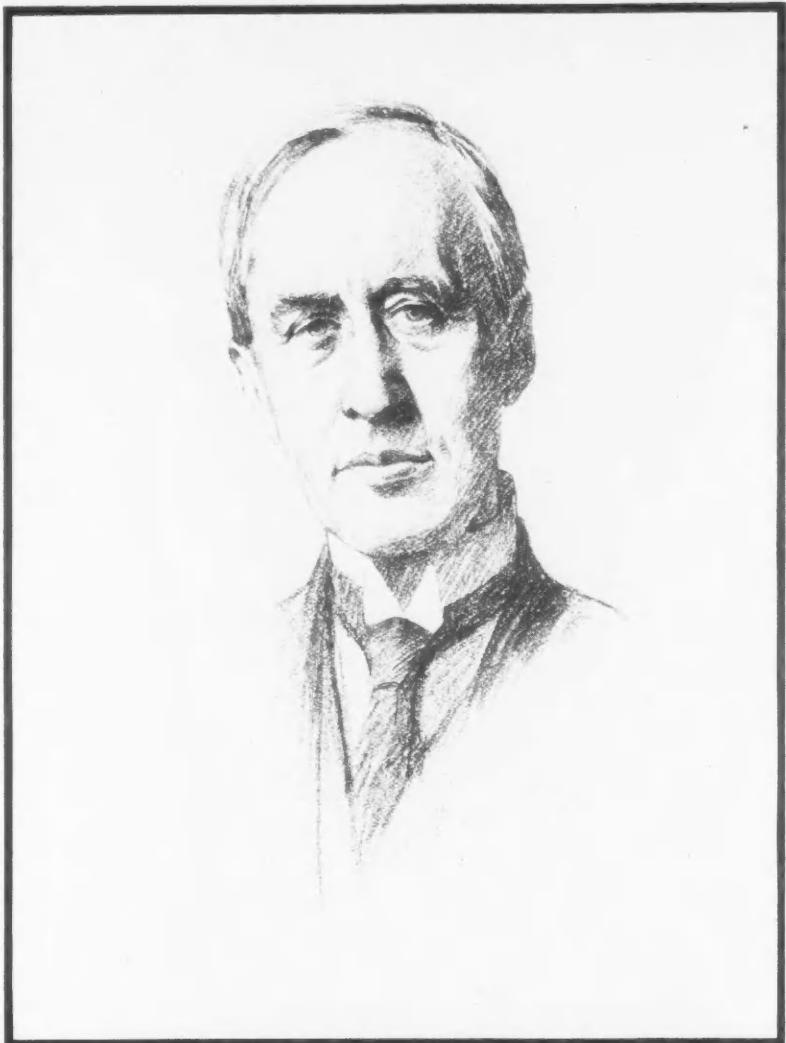
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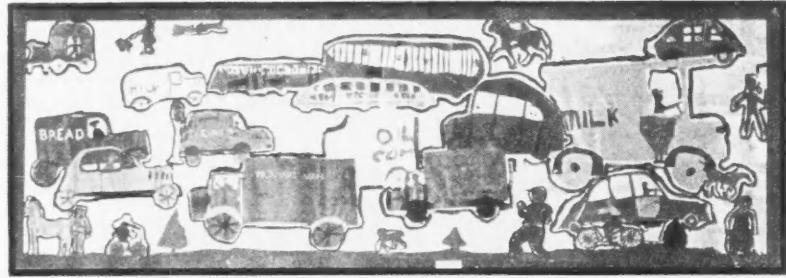
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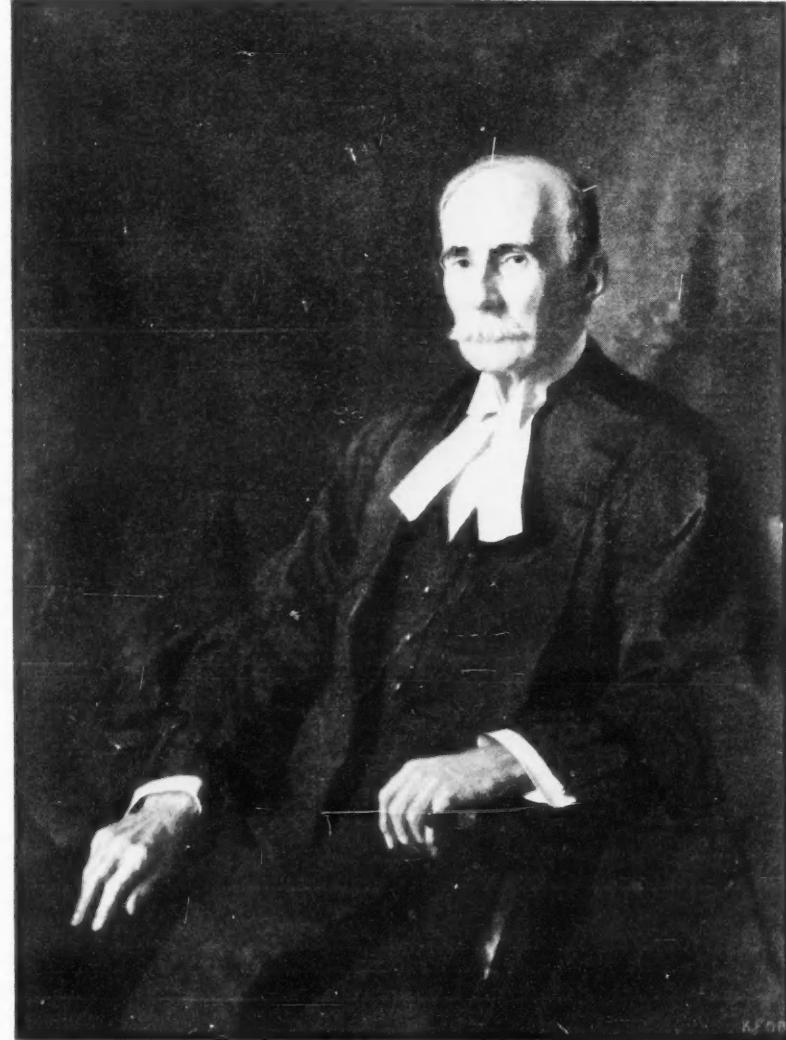
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The three pictures reproduced here may be said to represent the work of Canadian artists in the widely separated stages of accomplishment and apprenticeship. Accomplishment is represented first by the sketch above of A. J. Glazebrook, Esq., the work of Sir Wylly Grier, R.C.A., O.S.A.



Apprenticeship is represented by this bold, free mural, called 'Traffic', which is the work of a group of ten year old students at the Toronto Art Gallery. Accomplishment is again represented below, in the oil portrait of His Honour Judge F. M. Morson, formerly of the County Court Bench, by Kenneth Forbes. (Photos of both portraits by Karsh, Ottawa.)



THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Document from a Ruined Race

I WAS A NAZI FLIER, by Gottfried Leske. Edited by Curt Riess. Longmans. \$3.00.

GOTTFRIED LESKE was a pilot in the Luftwaffe. He took part in the Battle of France; he was in the September Blitz on England, and he assisted in the bombing of both Coventry and Birmingham. He is now in a prison camp in Canada.

During the most adventurous part of his life Leske kept a diary, and after his capture the diary was smuggled out of Germany and has now been published. One must feel a certain pity for Leske; what could be more humiliating than to have one's private journal published in an enemy country in war time? Well, several things could be more humiliating, one feels, upon closing the book. To have been among the refugees whom Leske strafed on the crowded roads of northern France—that would have been humiliating, to say the least. To have remained powerless in a shelter while Leske shattered the ancient city of Coventry—that too would have been humiliating. To have taken worthless German currency over the counter of a luxury shop in Paris, where Leske bought lingerie for his fiancée—that would have been

a bitter pill. And yet I wonder if any of these things would be quite so humiliating as to be condemned by one's own diary as a fool, a silly boy and a brutal destroyer? That is the humiliation of Gottfried Leske.

Leske is no creature from another world. He is an ordinary, stupid young man with a good body and no brains. He is a fine flier, but he regards flying as an extension of his own physical powers; it requires no intellectual effort on his part. He is incapable of reflection, and such ideas as creep into his diary are the clichés of National Socialism. He is like thousands of young men all over the world, with this difference: his leaders have taken advantage of his stupidity to make him a brute.

Some parts of the diary make amusing reading. While stationed in northern France Leske, who is engaged to a girl in his native town, has an affair with a maiden of the *Heilfinner vom Dienst*, named Lieselotte; what the police court reports call 'intimacy' occurs only once. But what a to-do Leske makes about it! He, who loves to bomb cities and kill refugees, frets about this solitary unfaithfulness all through the diary. He is frightened that his mother will find out about it and be

hurt! So delicate a plant is honor. Leske is a bully and a braggart. It is funny to read of his consternation when a French prisoner is brought to the German fliers' mess; Leske had boasted that he spoke French, and his bluff was almost discovered on this occasion! He is convinced that fliers are made of better clay than ordinary men, but of course their clay is as nothing when compared with the superabundant clay of Goering, from whom Leske receives the Iron Cross. Leske's worship of Hitler is dog-like; never had a paper-hanger a more faithful slave.

This book is a pitiable revelation of what Hitlerism has done to the youth of Germany. Leske is a simple soul, wholly incapable of thought; he is also a monster, who must be fed on war. Leske is good for nothing else in this world but to fly a plane, and there are indications in the diary that the nervous strain of this work is wearing him out. Leske is a better man than most, for he is in the Luftwaffe which does, after all, demand a kind of intelligence; what must the mentality of the infantry be like? Hitler, in his desire to build a Master Race, has ruined the German people for a century to come.

God Loves to See Us Happy

AMERICAN WINES, by Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel. Collins. \$3.00.

SAID Benjamin Franklin: "Behold the rain, which descends from Heaven upon our vineyards, and which enters into the vine-roots to be changed into wine; a constant proof that God loves us and loves to see us happy." It is the object of the authors of this excellent book to spread knowledge and happiness at once, and there can be little doubt but that their work is pleasing to God. They have written a complete, frank account of the wines which are produced in the United States and their avowed purpose is to encourage the drinking of native wine in that country, for they feel that an increase in wine drinking would bring about an increase in sobriety.

It is necessary, however, that the mystery and hokum which surrounds wine in America be stripped from it before it can become a popular drink. The mystery is created by the wine snobs, who pretend that no native wine is fit to swallow and who talk impressively about the vintages of Europe. I was delighted by the castigation which the authors of *American Wines* gave these asses; most of them are gulls who know nothing about wine and who can be persuaded to pay more for a commonplace French vintage than would suffice to buy them a really good American wine. The hokum is provided by the American wine makers, who stupidly advertise any rough, nasty product of their vineyards as 'Equal to the best wines in Europe,' and who proclaim that for them alone 'Every year is a vintage year.' No wine in the world is equal to the best wine in Europe, but the best comprises less than 5 per cent of the wine consumed in a year. Most of us cannot afford the best for every day; what we want is a good, drinkable table wine, honestly made from good grapes and clearly marked for what it is. It is gross folly on the part of wine manufacturers to sell us sour, grapey slop vaguely labelled 'Claret,' 'Burgundy,' 'Tokay' and what-not. What we want is a label which tells us where, by whom, and from what grape the wine was made. Presumably this folly of the wine makers comes from their desire to compete with the beer trade; only too often they succeed in making their wine the tipple of the most disgusting and depraved alcoholics who appear regularly in the magistrates' courts.

Canadians who care for wine may be a little piqued to find that Schoonmaker and Marvel make no mention at all of Canadian wines. It cannot be because we have no wine in Canada worth drinking, for we have a little. The strictures which these authors pass upon wine manufacture in the U.S. are equally applicable here. Would it not be worth the while, I wonder, of our provincial governments to lure us away from ardent spirits into the gentler (but no less provincially profitable) paths of wine drinking? A little encouragement, a little re-education of public taste, a little *réclame* for our vintages (tautfully and honestly applied) might work wonders for our wines. It might even secure us a pleasantly profitable export trade. Why should Australia be able to produce excellent table wine for export when Can-

ada, which has the vineyards and the germ of an industry, cannot? Wine making is an honorable trade, and an ancient art, and why should we not claim it? Get rid of the short-sighted manufacturers who regard Canadian wine merely as a cheap intoxicant, and the analytical chemists who regard it as something which can be made by formula, and there is no telling what we might not do.

I recommend *American Wines* to everybody who is interested in the subject as the best manual which has appeared so far. The authors, like all men who write understandingly about wine, have a charm and delicacy of style which is delightful. Wine is the drink of poets; water drinkers and spirit drinkers can rarely turn a good phrase; can that be what is wrong with our Canadian literature?

Vitality Run Wild

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE PRINCESS, by Phil Stong. Oxford University Press. \$3.00.

IT ALL started when Betsy, past fifty and mother of a lad of 32, with a husband fresh in the grave, had an improbable "qualmsy" feeling in her stomach. This later turned out to be Arnhold Edeson. Betsy having, not so improbably, given up the ghost after her achievement, young Arnie was left in the care of her prosperous brother who owned the farm, and Uncle Jake, an elderly retainer of bibulous tastes and an inordinate pride in his lecherous past. Her two dry nurses, being renowned breeders of pedigree stock, made a good job of Arnie. In inspired hands this plot might have made a grand joke. I'd like to have seen Arnie develop under this tuition into a grown female, as uninhibited as the animals, her playmates, or a two-bottle woman with a taste for homicide. Something prodigious at least should have resulted.

But Mr. Stong has shrunk from uproarious farce. True, the little girl of six knocks two front teeth out of the head of a youth who had dared to smack her in the puss, but that is the end of the derring-do, and the end of Mr. Stong's fun. Thereafter there is only a bucolic humor of a mildly indecent flavor. Arnie, save the mark, becomes an efficient farm manager and bookkeeper with a taste for philanthropy! At the age of 18 she gives a piano recital at the

county seat, and a well-found missician totters at the sight and sounds. When she is "distantly approaching the middle thirties" she is kissed for the first time in her life by this passing swain. But, though "his salute warms and glows throughout" of her, she continues to hold him off for several years yet until his health is ruined and he can be a concert pianist no more. Uncle Jake, now apparently in his nineties, of course performs the final feat of man-making.

Mr. Stong is himself presumably responsible for his plot, characterization and writing, none of which will enhance his reputation. But his editors, unless he has completely intimidated them by his gusto, must share the blame with him for some of his unmanageable sentences, of his punctuation, always uninspired and sometimes atrocious. Try this sentence as is, and see if it means anything first time: "The girl was simple and affectionate as a coochie spaniel but she was carrying a full charge of what was to become known as 'oomph,' and simple uxoriousness, for which one could depend on a blond German, would never quiet her cheerful restlessness."

But there is always some vitality in it, and I am sure Mr. Stong has enjoyed himself hugely. Unfortunately this does not necessarily mean that he can communicate it to the reader.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Presenting Sinclair Ross

BY ROY ST. GEORGE STUBBS

SINCLAIR ROSS, the latest recruit to the ranks of Canadian authors, has published nine short stories and one book. Quality, not quantity, entitles him to high place in the Canadian literary world. His book, *As for Me and My House*, a novel in the sober tradition best exemplified for Canadians by Frederick Philip Grove, while not faultless, is a creditable first performance and gives promise of better things to come from his pen. Its publication is a welcome event in Canadian letters. If budding Canadian authors, such as Sinclair Ross, can be persuaded to set their eyes on Toronto, instead of New York, our literary tradition would soon be enriched by a transmutation of good red blood.

Mr. Ross is only on the threshold of his career in letters. More will be heard from him. He is not the man to rest content with a single triumph. He is a worker. His industry is fed by a vast reservoir of enthusiasm for his work. His book was published last April. Already he is halfway through its successor—a realistic novel, mirroring the struggle for beauty in the soul of a young farm boy, who is hard put to get his daily bread.

Mr. Ross composes slowly, some of his sentences being torn up by their roots from his brain. But he holds himself to schedule. He is a warrior of the pen who trains as rigorously as a prizefighter. Nothing will persuade him to fall short of his weekly stint of work. Thus like the tortoise, slowly but surely, he covers a great deal of ground.

The locale of Mr. Ross' book is Horizon, a prairie town, born of his imagination but rooted in reality, that attempts to hide its bleakness by a series of 'false fronts'. It might be a Western Canadian town; it might be a town in the Mid-Western States. Mr. Ross does not tell us. There is the suspicion that he does not do so purposely, so that he can keep one eye on the American market. He has had a letter from a woman in Minnesota, asking him to tell her in confidence what town in Minnesota he had in mind when he created Horizon. This is a bad omen. Canada must give him the support he merits and thus persuade him that he belongs to Canada. He is an asset worth having.

Read and Not Heard

If he did not know that he was an author, Sinclair Ross would not tell you. The gods have given him the virtue of modesty. Because he has no book to his credit, he does not fancy himself a giant of the pen. He believes that an author should be read and not heard. He will not talk about his work except in the chance of gaining a hint or two that will make him a better craftsman. He wants the common reader's response to his book so that he can gauge how well he has done what he set out to do...

The talented literary recruit is a shy, unassuming young man, in his early thirties. He was born on the Saskatchewan prairies of Scotch parents. Since sixteen, he has made his own way in the world. Somewhere in the shadows of a bleak background was born a love of the things of the spirit and a desire for self-expression. The first medium in which he tried to express himself was painting. After many attempts to record his emotions on canvas, he threw away his paint brush and took up his pen. Reams of verse in a sentimental vein were spun from the cocoon of his fancy. One day he looked at his handiwork and did not pronounce it good. Abandoning verse, he turned to the short story. He submitted his first story for publication at the age of sixteen. His hopes were high. But they fell to earth with a crash when he got a personal letter from the editor, returning his story and telling him when he submitted anything for publication

"How can I become a writer?" a tired editor was once asked by a literary hopeful. "Write a million words and tear them up," the editor replied. Sinclair Ross has followed this advice literally. Before writing *As for Me and My House*, he completed two novels and started many others which ultimately found their way into his waste paper basket. He was not born with the power to dash off a sonnet between courses at dinner. He has mastered the tools of his trade by hard work.

Mr. Ross is no great reader. He says that his critical faculty is too active for him to get any real enjoyment from reading. As he reads he wants to rewrite the book, not because he thinks he can make a better job than the author, but because he cannot help himself. His favorite authors are Ernest Hemingway, Richard Hughes and H. E. Bates. Escape novels and stories with machine-made plots have been eliminated from his literary menu since he was twelve.

Writing is the pleasantest thing he knows. He has not touched life at many points. He lives largely within himself. He is, or imagines himself to be, a confirmed bachelor, does not smoke, is a one bottle of beer man, and does not like crowds. In appearance, he does not fulfil the popular conception of an author.

With the publication of *As for Me and My House*, Sinclair Ross has found his literary sea-legs. Now as he wrestles with the problem of how to make his writing pay (not an easy problem to solve in Canada today but one that will become increasingly easier), he earns his living by working as a bank clerk. As between his vocation and his avocation there is no doubt where his interests and his talents lie. While he might write the great Canadian novel, he will never wake up to the day when he is president of a bank.

Feminists Will Be Furious

NO MEASURE DANCED, by Harry Lee. Macmillan. \$3.00.

THIS is the story of Lily Stagg, whose whole life was devoted to a career. Not a glamorous career, for Lily was no opera star, no dancer, no celluloid realization of a nation's longings; she was a business woman, and her aspirations were all confined within the frame of a department store. The store of Herman Bros. was her god and to it she sacrificed both day and night.

Lily began her career as a warden. By the unpopular method of pointing out the faulty reckonings of others she became a saleswoman. She married, and when the advent of a baby threatened her promotion to the job of Assistant Department Head she dealt efficaciously with the baby. When her marriage interfered with her promotion to Department Head she jettisoned her husband. To solidify her triumph she endured the attentions of Mr. Beatty, the store 'merchandiser' until he fell out of favor with the General Manager, and then she threw Mr. Beatty to the wolves and grabbed his job. She held it and Mr. Salter, the G.M., until it seemed that his sun too was setting, and then Lily attached herself to Hugo Herman, the heir apparent of the store. This was her fatal error; the scorned Salter, describing Lily as "a fourteen-carat, double-crossing bitch" sums up her character with a business-like economy of words.

Lily's story is ably told. Mr. Lee's observation of detail is brilliant and he has something of Arnold Bennett's ability to make the dreariest details of business life fascinating. He has a rather irritating way of describing trifling incidents in high-flown language by which he means to give a humorous air to some parts of his book, but the results are not happy.

His insight into the devious ways of modern business is startling. It would be unjust to assume that all large department stores are as tyrannous to their employees as is Herman Bros., but there is doubtless a foundation of truth in what Mr. Lee says. His indictment is not of department stores in particular but of modern business in general.

The aspect of this book which will make it discussed and which will enrage feminists is Mr. Lee's condemnation of the 'career-woman.' Women, he feels, are too single-minded to be satisfied with business life. They need husbands and children to make them happy. Women, he feels, lack the capacity to be first-rate executives and can rarely attain positions of genuine power in the business world. Exceptional capacity will always tell, of course, but in a contest between a man and a woman, both of average ability, the man will win every time. If you wish to argue with Mr. Lee, I advise you to buy his book and make notes in the margin.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

WE HAVE to report an extra good lot of books this week. Three of the new publications and a reprint, *Murder in Hospital* by Josephine Bell (Penguin 20c), are high grade. Perhaps the best is *Death and Taxes* by David Dodge (Macmillan, \$2.25). The central mystery is original and concerns a discovery made by a tax consultant whose former client, a bootlegger, had paid more taxes to the government, presumably, than he ought to have paid; and this part of the story is particularly impressive because we have heard that the author is himself a tax authority. It



Gracie Fields, English comedienne, who is back in England after a tour of this continent. Proceeds of the tour were devoted to war relief in England. Here is Gracie being welcomed home by a group of admirers.

is written in the familiar Hammett style and about as good a job as Hammett himself could turn out. There is plenty of shooting and drinking and a good deal of comedy interspersed. . . Above *Suspicion* by Helen MacInnes (McClelland and Stewart, \$3) is a story of the adventures of a couple of amateur spies in Austria shortly before the outbreak of war, and is the best spy story we have read in a long time. There is a distinct literary finish to this book, and as it seems to be the first one of the

SONG FOR YOUTH

WE HOLD the weary dolor of the world
In clear eyes, gay hearts;
Sorrow we welcome;
Carry on unbowed shoulders
The ancient burden;

Follow unfaltering our appointed way
Under the time's harsh terms
Man may not change;
Seek no retreat, no quarter,
Ask no guerdon.

Look not on us with pity or regret;
Grieve not nor lament
Our youth's lost kingdom
Ours it shall be, this pilgrimage once ended,
Journey done;

For us the beacons blaze on some dark headland.
To us the seas in broken chant
Sound a new challenge,
With us the birds, free of the fettered earth,
Wing into the sun.

RUARI MACLEOD,
West Summerland, B.C.

author we may have reason to hope that a new star has been born. *Murder Gives a Lovely Light* by John Stephen Strange (McClelland and Stewart, \$2.35) is also absolutely first class and the fact that the suspicious may become aware of the murderer's identity early in the story is no defect. It is psychologically sound. *Reunion with Murder* by Timothy Fuller (McClelland and Stewart, \$2.35) is not quite as good as the books we have mentioned but is well above the average and is good fun and original in conception.

We mention *Witch's Moon* by Giles Jackson (Longmans Green, \$2.50) as an illustration of our contention that the average detective story ought to make its first appearance in a cheap form, as the good ones are likely to do eventually in the Penguin series. The story is below average and is padded, and yet it costs more than ten times as much as *Murder in Hospital*, which, by the way, although the book which won Mrs. Bell her first reputation, is not her best book, though well worth reading.



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DIED

At her home in Almonte on Sunday, the 13th day of July, Mary F. Stafford (Minnie), daughter of the late Henry Stafford and his wife Mary Hanover. Miss Stafford was a graduate of Loretto Academy, Toronto—and a very accomplished musician and writer.

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.

The Publishers
SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly



Above — Fisher-dyed fitch jacket with short sleeves, rounded collar.

Left—The versatile character of this coat which makes it possible for it to be equally at home with a day or evening dress, will endear it to many. Of brown featherweight dyed Canadian squirrel, soft to the touch and silky to the eye. Specialty Fur Shop, Eaton's College Street Store.

Right—A taupe colored beaver collar tops the tawny spots of young ocelot with great distinction. The deep collar forms a yoke from which swings a slightly rippled skirt of slim silhouette. One of a collection of furs sent by the British Trade Export Group, The Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.



prevent friction wear at the back and seat of the coat.

A fur coat should be opened when the wearer is sitting and then pulled up slightly to prevent strain on the back and seams. When sitting for any length of time, the coat should be removed. The furs should not be thrown back over chairs, lest they crush, mat or wear in spots.

Furs that have been wet so that the leather is also wet, should be taken immediately to an expert furrier who will treat them correctly to prevent later serious trouble. If the furs have been slightly wet or just damp, they may be dried normally in a well-ventilated room of moderate temperature. They should never be put near a radiator or any extreme heat or cold.

Only reliable expert furriers having the proper facilities should be entrusted with the cleaning, glazing, repair or storage of furs. If furs dry out, the skins may be ruined. Fur storage with a reliable concern having the right kind of vaults, providing normal, cool, moist temperature, will protect furs from moths and preserve their original characteristics.

Furs should be stored as soon as recommended by the furrier.

WORLD OF WOMEN

August and Furs

BY BERNICE COFFEY

TO SOME the appearance of August on the calendar may mean nothing more than that summer and its long lazy days soon will be at an end. But to the feminine half of the

world it signifies a great deal more, the August fur-sales when you get the pick of finest pelts the trappers have been able to get at somewhat lower prices than you'll pay later in

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Note photograph above showing walls before and after our renovating processes. Let us demonstrate the results of this remarkable work in your home, church, club or place of business and furnish further particulars and estimates.

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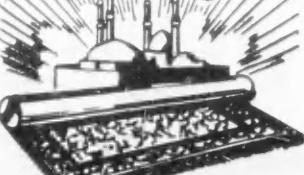
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Unusual styling of this off-white fur jacket makes three bids for distinction — flared bell cuff, collarless neckline, and short plenum.

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Summer Shop: PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA

MY SONS AND ENGLAND

TWO sons I have—two sons I give,
That England's glory still may
live;

Proudly, unasked, they march abroad,
Faith in our cause, their trust in God.

Two sons I have—two sons who fight
And atoms add to England's might;
With other fathers' sons they stand
Behind the Empire's Motherland.

Two sons I had—two sons I gave
They lie among the nation's brave;
Had I two more, I know they'd give
Their lives, that England still may
live!

Montreal, Que. W. GARFIELD REES.

Furs should be shaken to restore their fluffiness, before being put on and as soon as they are removed. When removed, coats, jackets, or capes should be hung immediately on a hanger. Fur pieces, such as scarfs, should be hung by their clasps or loops.

For temporary storage, they should be placed in garment bags in a roomy closet no warmer than room temperature. Never have them in a crowded closet when the fur will become flattened.

By having all small tears or rips attended to immediately, the durability of the garment will be greatly lengthened.

Have cleaning and glazing done as frequently as the particular fur requires, to prolong the life and beauty of the garment. This is also necessary for fur trimmed apparel.



Murine soothes the smarting, burning sensation at once, cleanses and refreshes irritated, reddened membranes caused by head colds, driving winds, movies, close work, late hours. Keep it handy at home, in your purse... at the office. Free dropper with each bottle, at all Drug Stores.

Plastics all
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36 or 54 inch
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SURPRISES are the spice of life for concert-goers, and last week's Promenade Symphony program at Varsity Arena provided two. Few knew that Frank Murch, a young Toronto musician who has been in New York for three years, had developed into so accomplished a conductor; and most people were quite unaware that a pianist so brilliant as Luhka Kolessa (Mrs. Tracy Phillips) was living in Canada. Consequently each created something like a sensation.

Madame Kolessa at once established herself in a city familiar with the finest living pianists as one of the most gifted now before the public. This would not be news in Vienna and other European centres, where prior to the present era of blood and ruin her talents were well known. Madame Kolessa, who is of Ukrainian descent, is a pupil of Emil Sauer, whose art in his earlier years delighted many of us, and who so far as is known is still living in Vienna at the age of seventy-nine; he was one of the few eminent pianists of pure German blood, and like most of them owed his development to foreign masters — in his case Rubinstein and Liszt. He is one of the few surviving Liszt pupils; and the other night Madame Kolessa brought back memories not only of Sauer but of the traditional Liszt finger technique when she played Edward Schuett's "Arabesques on the Themes of the Blue Danube Valse." It was Sauer who introduced this fascinating concert piece to Torontonians somewhere about 1899, and the writer for one has not forgotten the elegance and beauty of his performance. So light, clean-cut and sure is the technique of Madame Kolessa that the work seemed as fresh and sparkling as on that first

MUSICAL EVENTS

Kolessa a Brilliant Pianist

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

occasion. It abounds in opportunities for virtuosic display, but so musical was her touch and so fluent her style that the effect was entirely lyrical.

She also played Chopin's youthful work, the Concerto in E minor, with the same song-like abandon. The concluding Rondo especially was thrilling in ease of expression, though slightly deficient in tonal volume. So remarkable is her staccato that I doubt whether any contemporary can play Scarlatti so well as she, certainly none better. In Chopin values her rhythmical genius and taste in use of tempo rubato were captivating.

Mr. Murch's Development

Frank Murch in his teens was regarded as a student of great promise. At the Toronto Conservatory of Music he was a pupil of Dr. Healey Willan and Reginald Stewart, and while still very young he became musical director at Pickering College near Toronto. He made a modest debut as conductor under Mr. Stewart at the Proms four summers ago, and since then has studied for three years under the famous conductor Albert Stoessel, at the Juilliard Institute, New York. His development in personality and authority, two of the most essential assets of a conductor,

has been remarkable. His "stick work" (as orchestral players term it) is a joy to behold, firm, undemonstrative and full of meaning. His musical perceptions were evident in the Nuances of Weber's "Oberon" Overture, but his greatest triumph was in Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn"; a test for any conductor, because it embraces so many moods and phases of expression. Mr. Murch's phrasing in the exquisite details of the work and his splendid handling of crescendos were at all times impressive.

The enthusiasm and vitality of his style were demonstrated in the melodic exultation of Rossini's music. The much-misused "William Tell" overture became, under his baton, what it really is, a fascinating structure in which the composer achieved entirely original effects in "atmosphere" and description. Rossini's ability to create beauty between the tonic and the dominant has annoyed some modernists very much, but the young Englishman Benjamin Britten, who spent some months in Canada in 1939, obviously does not despise him. Britten's Suite "Soirées-Musicales," based on vocal airs from Rossini's operas, is not only charming but replete with brilliant instrumental devices. The "Bolero" seemed rather commonplace but the opening March and concluding Tarantella were stimulating. The whole sequence was played with delightful lightness and grace. Throughout the evening the orchestra served Mr. Murch nobly.

Wyclif's "Symphony"

I cannot think of any word that I write oftener in the course of the year than "symphony," and quite recently I ran across what is apparently the first use of the word in English literature. It appears in John Wyclif's translation of the New Testament, written nearly six centuries ago. In his version of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, these lines occur:

"And his elder son was in the field and whanne he cam and was nygh the hous, he herde a symphonie and other noise of mynstraleye."

As everyone knows, the elder son of the parable was in no mood to enjoy symphonic music. Wyclif's efforts to spread the scripture in the vernacular were discouraged by authority, and whenever a 14th century monarch wished to relax a bit he ordered the execution of a few Lollards, as Wyclif's followers were known. The Wyclif version fell into disrepute and when the King James Version of the Bible was published 250 years later, the reference to the sounds which annoyed the elder son

was simplified to read "musick and dancing." But where did Wyclif hear of symphonies, and just what did he mean by the word? The answer is quaint. In his time the word was applied not to musical compositions but to a variety of composite instruments, the bag-pipe, the hurdy-gurdy and the virginal, for instance. The scriptural narrative makes it clear that the father of the Prodigal Son kept musical instruments around the house.

The renowned French pianist and authority on music of his instrument, Robert E. Schmitz, will return to Toronto in the last week of August to conduct the classes for pianists which have proven so interesting in the past two summers. For a number of years Mr. Schmitz has made his headquarters at San Fran-

cisco. In musical circles of that city it is a matter of common knowledge that he was instrumental, after the war started, in preventing the chief factor in Nazi propaganda on the Pacific Coast, the German consul at San Francisco, from obtaining entry to the celebrated Bohemian Club of that city in which Mr. Schmitz has been for some years a prominent figure.

The Macmillan Company of Canada has published at an amazingly low price, considering the quality of the printing and illustration, "Songs of Weeny Gopher," a series of 25 lyrics for children of Beatrice Barron Buckley. Miss Buckley is responsible for both words and music, which quaintly deal with the adventures of a merry little animal, whose antics are known to every prairie child. Incidentally youngsters of Eastern Canada and other parts of the Empire will delight in making Weeny Gopher's acquaintance, as well as that of his friends. Other songs of the West are included, one that rhythmically presents the "clipp-clop" of the Mounties as they ride, and another, in a tragic mood, entitled "Rust." A feature of the volume is the tasteful illustrations by Georgette Buckley.

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WEEK IN RADIO

Woodhouses and Hawkinses

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN you've been thinking that Woodhouse and Hawkins, those Canadian radio comedians, belong to Winnipeg, it's quite a surprise to be walking along Grenville Street in Toronto and suddenly find the pair rehearsing in CBC's "Theatre of the Air."

Recalling that funny incident in "Hellzapoppin" where a stooge in the audience rises to shout out "Which one of you mugs is Johnson?" we couldn't resist saying "Which one of you mugs is Hawkins?"

A shortish, stoutish, darkish young man with a Scotch accent pointed to his partner. "He's Hawkins," he said.

"He's Woodhouse," replied the other. He was tallish, fairish and smiling.

Hawkins' real name is Frank Deaville. He plays Lord Percy and the Major. Woodhouse is Art McGregor, who on the air is known sometimes as Mr. Watt and at other times as Egbert or Sluggish.

"Which of you writes the script?" we asked. "Both of us," they answered, almost in unison. Then Hawkins continued: "We get together in a little room and start talking. We start writing, longhand. No use doing it on the typewriter, because there are too many changes as we

go along. We talk. The gags come. We've got thousands of them typed away on cards, and it isn't hard finding the right gag for a certain situation."

Then we asked them why they left Winnipeg. It was Hawkins who spoke again. "We've been on the radio for eight years for the CBC and the Radio Commission. We did a year of commercial work before that. We've been four years in Winnipeg. Before that we were in Calgary and Vancouver. We've about covered the possibilities of the west, and thought that we'd try Toronto. Toronto is the radio centre of Canada, after all. We can go a long way here; there are more opportunities."

There wasn't time for anything more. They had to go on with their rehearsal. They were doing a skit that night (Thursday) about a dentist's office. Maybe you heard it. The girl who played the part of the nurse, incidentally, was Pat Bailley.

Those people who claim that Canada hasn't any comedians ought to listen a while to Woodhouse and Hawkins. Their humor is Canadian. It's not always screamingly funny, but it's mostly amusing. It's certainly as funny as Jack Benny's script is most of the time. There ought to be other Woodhouses and Hawkinses in Canada. They should be given a chance on the air. It would be a pity indeed, if listeners must go on for another nine years getting all their Canadian radio humor from Woodhouse and Hawkins, charming fellows though they are.

CANADIAN listeners can be thankful for that day the CBC ruled there must be no commercial announcements in the middle of a news cast. A great many of us are getting very sick of the newscaster from Buffalo who right in the middle of the latest report from Smolensk says "Things are certainly upset in Europe today, but how's your stomach?" Is it working to your satisfaction? Do you get dull, logy pains in your head? If you are 35 or 40 or over... Still, that's no worse than the broadcaster who interrupted an afternoon tea party the other day with a blast from the loudspeaker: "Pardon me, housewives, is your toilet bowl as clean as it should be?" Things are reaching a pretty, pretty pass when radio allows such things to be. This particular announcement came from an American station, of course. The Canadian authorities wouldn't tolerate such bad manners.



The Oxford Union, most famous of all undergraduate debating societies and nursery for British parliamentarians, has offered two dispatch boxes to the House of Commons to replace those which were destroyed in the recent London Blitz. These boxes have been used by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Asquith and many other famous statesmen and Ministers in their undergraduate days. In the picture Mr. Kenneth Riddle, the present President of the Union, is seen with the famous Union dispatch boxes.



Lady Astor
Floral Dance

Hoe in much

partner is

LAST week was a week for getting away to the country and the shore—away from the dust, the humidity, the glare, and especially away from the movies.

There was to begin with "The Shepherd of the Hills" in technicolor. The Harold Bell Wright story is one of those legends of the movies that are constantly being revived, always with an enlarged landscape and an enriched idiom. In this particular case the idiom and the scenery have by this time taken complete precedence over the story, which now has attained a certain misty grandeur of unintelligibility. Why, for instance, does the hero of the piece devote himself to a solemn career of paricide? Who furnished that rude abandoned cabin in the mountains with a piano, inlaid jewel cases and petitpoint embroideries? How does Marjory Main recover her eye-sight, and who? What causes an idiot deaf-mute to start up from his death-bed and deliver a clear, well-worded final statement? Why did Beulah Bondi want to hex all the simple mountain folk, and who hexed Beulah Bondi?

There are only occasional hints at explanation of all these wonders in the present version. In fact if you didn't know that this was a Harold Bell Wright original you could easily sit through "The Shepherd of the Hills" as awed and impressed as though you were watching a miracle play out of the Middle Ages or a pre-Soviet Russian peasant drama. Nearly all the original explicitness and coyness has been obliterated—dulled by vague reference and mountain idiom, buried under tons of mountain scenery, and finally drowned out in technicolor. Then to heighten the bewilderment the really remarkable cast (which also includes James Barton, Harry Carey and Betty Fields) plays it though gravely, simply and eloquently, without a single enlightening touch of ham, as though they were a Theatre Guild organization presenting Chekhov. In fact if the producers of "The Shepherd of the Hills" had been smart enough to conceal the picture's origin and give it some simple misleading title like "Mountains" or "Vertigo" a lot of us might easily have suspected we were in the presence of one of those masterpieces that will only yield up their secrets to the initiated. We might even, God help us, have tried to analyze it on those terms.

IN "Billy the Kid" we are on understandable ground once more, safe in the arms of the Western formula. There are the good people and the bad people, with the bad people shooting up the good people and the good people trying soberly to get back at them with legal reprisals and sheriffs' warrants. There is the usual villain (Gene Lockhart) in a broad-brimmed hat and braid-edged Prince Albert, the usual public-spirited newspaper editor (Henry O'Neill), the usual beautiful hand-painted heroine (Mary Howard). There isn't, how-



Lady Astor leads the first Cornish Floral Dance to be held at Plymouth Hoe in much-blitzed Plymouth. Her partner is a naval petty officer.

THE FILM PARADE

Well, And What Have We Here?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ever, quite the usual interest; for the Western formula has variations within its own limits and is generally more successful when wickedness is allowed to run to greater lengths, in terms of footage, than virtue. For one thing wickedness is usually more interesting.

"Billy the Kid" starts off briskly enough with a jail delivery, followed by a cattle stampede. Then Billy (Robert Taylor) reforms, after com-

ing under the refined home influence of tea-drinking sententious Rancher Ian Hunter and his honest foreman Brian Donlevy. From this point on the film sags beyond recovery. For while morality has a respected place in the Western, moralizing goes against all the rules of high laconic action. I am inclined to think we are

within our rights as movie-goers when we prefer watching our screen outlaws shot at to listening to them being preached at.

It's in technicolor, which means there's lots and lots of landscape, most of which looks as though it had been cut out of blazing rock candy. Robert Taylor rides magnificently and looks wonderful in technicolor, baked to such a delicious brown that if he had been stuck with cloves he

would have looked good enough to eat.

We're still in the cactus country in "The Bride Came C.O.D.", Bette Davis and James Cagney starrer. However, it's all in cool black and whites, which seemed remarkably restful after all the technicolor extravagance. Not that there's anything restful about the film itself. Bette Davis got the rough-and-tumble handling here that the industry seems to feel its tragediennes need once in a while just to keep them in their places. Miss Davis is dumped into a cactus plant, tossed out of a 1919 Studebaker, and popped in the rear with an elastic band wielded by James Cagney. It takes Hollywood to think up a thing like transferring anguish from the Davis soul to the Davis derrière.



A
Veritable
Picnic!

A picnic for the whole family—Simpson's 1941 August Furniture Sale! Mother gets the lovely dining room suite she's been wanting. Dad gets the comfortable easy chair he's been longing for. Daughter gets the smart new bed she's been talking about. Son gets the "double-decker" he's been demanding. The treat is on us—for the 1941 August Sale price tags show that you will actually save from 10% to 25% (and in a number of cases, as much as 33 1/3%).

Small wonder that thousands throughout Ontario consider this a mighty important homefurnishing event. These style-conscious, value-wise people know a good thing when they see one. They appreciate the opportunity to make their furniture dollars go farther.

Already, thousands have thronged Simpson's big furniture floor to examine and compare... and buy. Selections are at their peak now. Look to both your immediate and future furniture needs. We know of no finer opportunity to secure quality furniture at worthwhile savings—than right NOW in Simpson's 1941 August Sale. Call in tomorrow.

Simpson's

CONCERNING FOOD

Personal Home Service

JUST what other families do during the staff's two week holidays I have never discovered. Of course if it is a plural staff the rest who are left behind chip in and do the missing

BY JANET MARCH

one's work. When it's a singular staff you probably move to a hotel for real comfort or try to persuade

the cleaning woman to clean a little longer and harder. This family endures without benefit of any sort of hired help, as in these rural parts not even gold and rubies can produce workers. Some things get done better, a lot worse, and two weeks becomes an endless period of time. The coffee and the grocery bill show marked improvement, but let no one dare to glance under the beds where does that woolly substance come from anyway? Meals are at most odd hours depending on when we get back from swimming, and afternoon tea goes into the discard completely. However, no one's feet stick out at the bottom of the beds after just a mild kick, and the under sheet is well and truly drawn.

Then there's the little matter of everyone wanting their favorite dish. "Come on now, no one makes cold meat pies like you," "Let's have some of those little Viennese cakes, all chocolate and eggs. I'll go and get some more eggs from the farm." "Please make us tomato sandwiches for the picnic, yours aren't soggy." "You do the fried eggs, you make the yolks turn pink." "Let's have a little maple *sucré* and imagine we are in Murray Bay." Perhaps even plumbers have to mend leaks on their holidays, but a leak doesn't take as long as a meat pie or Viennese cakes. Still the pies are worth the trouble, for they keep days, and the meat course during the heat wave is well solved. The recipe came from Miss Florence White's book of English Cookery, and it's easy to believe that the hunters and huntresses of Melton Mowbray came home brushless or victorious to eat large slabs with pleasure. Miss White who is a sure fire authority on English regional cookery has pork as the only meat in the pie. If patriotism allows you go ahead and make it that way, but in rural Ontario far from the hunt we use veal and ham. Don't be surprised at the pastry. It turns out all right, and doesn't get soggy, but don't try to roll it, you just have to pat it out into a flat piece with which to line the pie dish.

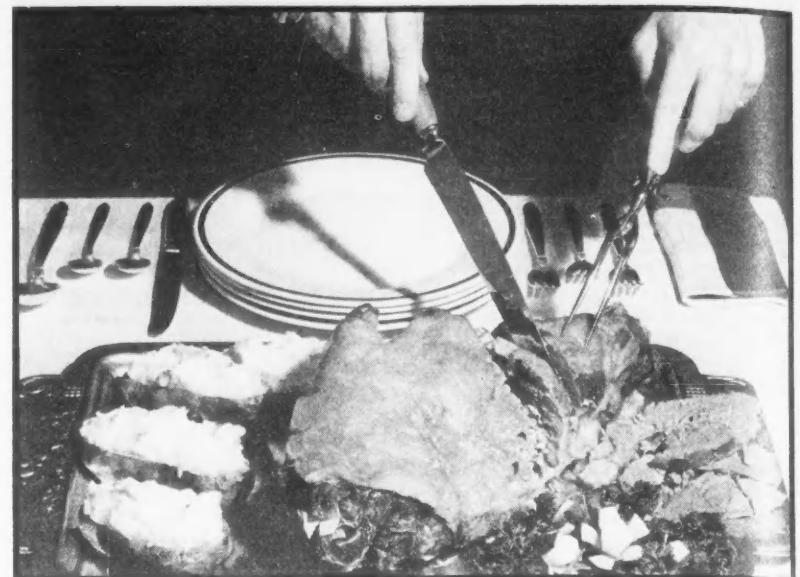
Melton Mowbray Pie

2 pounds of veal
1 slice of ham about half an inch thick
4 hard boiled eggs
Pimento
4 cups of flour
1 cup of lard
1 teaspoon of salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water
1 egg
Yolk of another egg

Cut up the veal and pork into small cubes, and remove the gristly bits and most of the fat. Put the meat



In this version of the Mexican coiffure hair is braided in back and rolled into two buns. On top it is swirled sideways, ending in a long curl. Flowers pinned behind the ears dramatize Mexican feeling, as forecast by Helena Rubinstein.



Buttermilk, to marinate and baste, imparts a new flavor to roast lamb.

Filling for Cakes

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup of butter
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ squares of chocolate
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar
2 egg yolks

Cream the butter and sugar very thoroughly and then add the egg yolks, the melted chocolate and the beaten egg whites and nuts. Stir well and put to bake in two buttered pans. When cooked fill with the filling, which is not cooked but must be very well beaten. Cream the butter till it is very soft and add the sugar and melted chocolate and then the egg yolks to bind. Cut in small squares. If you want to give them a truly professional look you should cover them with chocolate glaze which is made with 6 tablespoons of icing sugar and 1 square of chocolate melted, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of butter and boiling water. Melt the chocolate in the double boiler. Cool and add about four tablespoonsfuls of boiling water, stir, and when a skin forms put in the butter, and spread with a knife.

French Canadians will probably tell you that their genuine *sucré* is made with maple sugar. Maybe it is but it tastes almost the same as ours which just uses the humble brown sugar. *Sucré* used to sell at Murray Bay for a dollar a pound which even with maple sugar as its main ingredient must have made a handsome profit. This is how we imitate it.

Maple Sucré

3 cups of brown sugar
1 cup of cream
4 tablespoons of butter
Salt
Vanilla

Put everything in a pan except the vanilla, and boil without stirring till it gets to the soft ball stage in cold water. Then take it off the heat and beat hard till it is cool, pour into a buttered pan and try and keep the family off till it has a few minutes in which to harden.

Viennese Cakes

(These are frankly an extravagant but delicious luxury.)

2/3 cup of butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar
8 egg yolks
1 cup of grated almonds
5 squares of chocolate
8 whites of eggs



NO CHANGE IN THE PACKAGE...
THE DIFFERENCE IS ALL INSIDE!

And what a difference!
For New Improved Old Dutch Cleanser is 50% faster. It contains an amazing ingredient that dissolves grease almost like magic, giving you double-action cleaning and cutting your cleaning time almost in half. Just a few quick wipes, and sinks, stoves, bathtubs become sparkling, immaculately clean.

New Improved Old Dutch is safety itself because it's made with safe, flaky Seismotite and DOESN'T SCRATCH. It's kind to your hands, too. Ask your grocer today for New Improved Old Dutch Cleanser. You'll be glad you did.

Perfect Mainstays For Summer Meals!

Delicious, hearty and ready-to-serve, Heinz Home-style Soups are grand summertime work-savers; and their homespun flavours are the finest you ever tasted!



Canadian cooks with a weather-eye on their menus know how to tempt heat-wary appetites... and specialise time in the kitchen! They build simple, nourishing meals around Heinz Home-style Soups!

Slow-cooked in small batches to coax out all the delicate flavours of choice ingredients... and seasoned with a dash of Heinz... Heinz Soups are carefully prepared according to recipes handed down from one generation of proud home cooks to another.

SOUPS FOR EVERY OCCASION

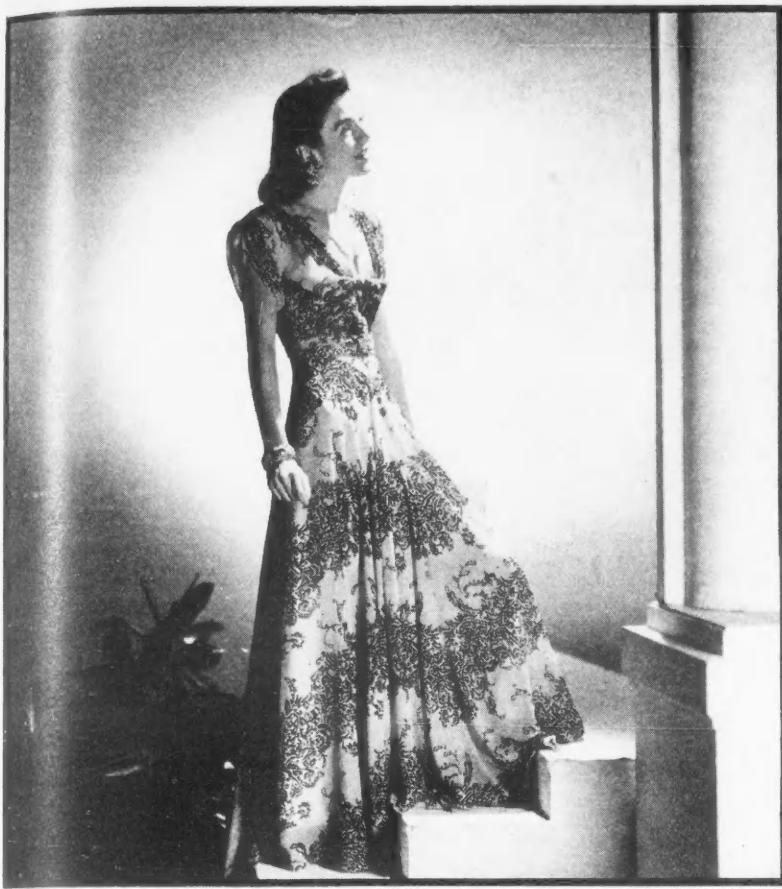
So when you're planning porch suppers, luncheons or company dinners, remember quick, thrifty Heinz Soups. Start a warm lunch with frosty cold Heinz Consomme... complement cool green salads with steaming bowls of Cream of Mushroom... or, for picnics and outings, fill a vacuum bottle with Vegetable Soup.

Among the 21 Heinz Home-style Soups at your grocer's, you'll find every one of your family's favourites.

H.J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

HEINZ
HOME-STYLE
SOUPS





DRESSING TABLE

Tan -- As You Like It

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IF TANNING *au naturel* hasn't turned out as successfully as you may have wished, go ahead and buy yourself a tan—the kind that comes in a bottle—and who will be the wiser?—except you.

Elizabeth Arden's new "Liquid

Bronze Glo" make-up is applied with feather-light strokes until you are a creamy golden color, or a toasty brown and your natural beauty shines through its transparency.

Many women like to keep their skins from getting too brown. They

To a printed design delicately etched in black against frosty white chiffon, this frock adds new draped sleeves and horizontal neckline.

prefer to stay out of the sun and use the "Glo" from shining head to painted toes to give them a sun-tanned look.

Or perhaps you have tanned unwisely and too well... then it's the answer to a prayer for something to disguise the white patches caused

APOLOGIA

IN A world that is neither Merry nor good, I've sung my small ditties As well as I could.

I often wonder If Nero too Wept as he jigged The one tune that he knew.

JOYCE MARSHALL

by shoulder straps or white "sunglass" rings around the eyes. You can match your own tan perfectly by regulating the amount used.

Or use it if you want to be suddenly darker than you are against pastel playclothes or disguise winter white arms and legs suddenly exposed by sleeveless dresses and shorts. But remember—it is a make-up, it does not protect against the sun!

It is a favorite make-up of models and professional photographers and will make those who participate in amateur fashion shows look like something from the Powers studio.

In the evening you will look like an exotic South-American beauty. Dramatize your gowns especially gleaming white ones with a deep and glamorous glow... wear the dark blush of Liquid Bronze Rouge over the Bronze Glo itself... and touch your lips with exciting "Chola" Pink of the Evening "Cyclamen" Lipstick.

This is how you do it: Put the Glo on with a little pad of dry cotton and blend with the fingertips. It will give your skin a warm coppery tint that may be made deeper if you wish.

by applying a second coat after the first has completely dried. Carry it well below the neck and shoulder line, not forgetting your arms, legs, and the white skin behind your ears. The Rouge is also applied with a small piece of dry cotton and then blended with the fingertips. A small quantity should be used at first and more color added, if necessary, when the first coat is dry.

Successful Shampoo

To wash your own hair means a substantial saving in both time and money. Some people claim that they can't do it successfully with cake soap, that there is always a white deposit of soap left on the hair. But here is a way to wash hair that makes it soft and glossy with no danger of leaving a troublesome soap deposit. Use a cake of the soap that gives you that "whipped cream" lather and turn it round and round in your hands. Then rub those handfuls of lather on to your head until you have a snowy cap of white fluff. You will find you have plenty of lather to remove all the dirt and leave only the natural oil in your hair.

Powder Puffs

When things go wrong, when someone makes a catty remark, it's amazing how much powdering your nose helps to restore your poise. But don't neglect your powder puff's own beauty treatment—wash it frequently.

DREAMS

WHAT does it matter who holds the dream, Or where the shy dreams rise, The secret hope of tired hearts, The light of eager eyes?

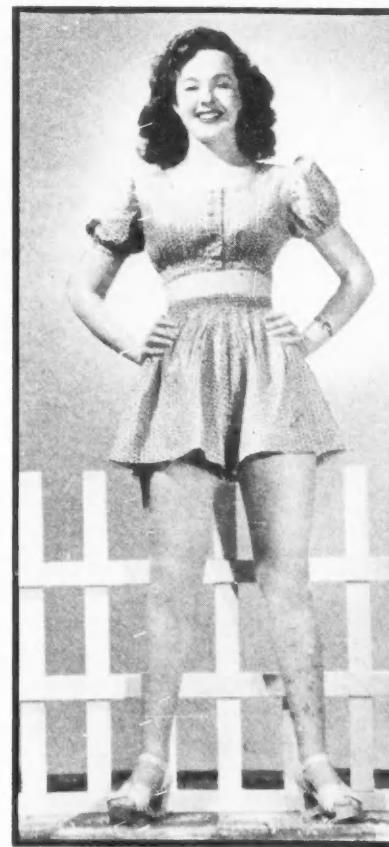
Though from the pit, the galley, The meadow or the den, Dreams have a way with them to lift The weary hearts of men.

Dreams are the secret angels That walk the stormy road; That break the bitter crust with us And share the mean abode;

Wherever the word is spoken, However the beauty gleams, Which one of us in all the earth Is greater than his dreams?

R. H. GRENVILLE

ly. As soon as it becomes greasy and shows signs of use, squeeze it in rich suds that "absorb grease." Rinse thoroughly, squeeze out the water and then roll in a heavy towel and press out excess moisture. Dry flat.



A clouded smile — the penalty of neglecting your gums



Have healthy gums — bright teeth — a charming smile switch today to IPANA AND MASSAGE

No woman can afford to let dull teeth and dingy gums ruin her smile. If she's wise she'll give her gums the special help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. For unless gums get special care you may find a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a warning that deprived of exercise by today's soft well-cooked foods, gums have grown weak and flabby.

If you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. He is the one to tell whether or not anything serious is the matter. Usually, he will merely say

that your gums need more exercise, stimulation and often will suggest the healthful help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is more than just a good tooth paste. When massaged into the gums with fingertip or tooth brush it helps to give gums the toning and stimulation they need for healthy firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to have healthier, firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more radiant smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana from your druggist today.

Dentists Personally Use Ipana Nearly 2 to 1 Over Any Other Dentifrice

A recent professional poll of Canadian dentists by a leading dental journal shows that nearly twice as many dentists personally use—and recommend—Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste, powder or liquid!



Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

Stripes and wee sail boat form the decorative motif of this seersucker playsuit, one of the summer's best-liked fabrics for sport wear.



All dainty women are LUX DAILY DIPPERS

When a girl isn't popular—undie odor is often the reason why. Your undies absorb perspiration which quickly leads to unpleasant undie odor.

Play safe! Join the Lux Daily Dippers. Dip undies in Lux the minute you step out of them. Lux removes perspiration—prevents horrid undie odor... keeps precious undies fresh and new.

FOR DAINTINESS —



FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Every week B. K. Sandwell, Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, selects an important topic for extended comment in his personal department, "From Week to Week". Sometimes solemn, sometimes humorous, his discussion can be depended upon always to be authoritative and—may we say it—urbane.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT

The Canadian Weekly.

THE LONDON LETTER

History Repeats Itself on Derby Day

BY P. O'D.

IN SPITE of high moral denunciations by very serious-minded persons against letting horses race against one another at a time like this—against even feeding them, in fact—the Derby was run last Wednesday. But not as usual, alas! It was run about two weeks late, at Newmarket instead of Epsom, and the 25,000 or so people who saw it would have been lost in an ordinary Derby crowd. But almost any kind of Derby is better than no Derby, and this was a very good race. At any rate, the bookies enjoyed it. The winner was a 25-to-1 shot, Owen Tudor.

Oddly enough, there was in this race another horse named Lambert Simnel. For people who believe in backing "hunches"—probably as sensible a way of betting as any other history offered a first-rate tip. On June 16, 1487, the army of Henry VII, who was a grandson of Owen Tudor, defeated the army of Lambert Simnel, the pretender to the throne. And yet on June 18, 1941, Lambert Simnel was backed to beat Owen Tudor. Possibly the majority of racing enthusiasts hadn't heard about the battle of Stoke-on-Trent. Professors of history must have done rather well out of the race—supposing professors of history ever do anything so frivolous as place a bet.

Altogether it was an odd sort of Derby Day. In the roaring times of peace the whole business of the nation practically stopped on this great annual occasion. Derby Day might as well have been proclaimed a national holiday for all the serious work that was done. But last Wednesday most people seemed to have forgotten that the race was being run at all; and hardly anyone had the slightest interest in the result.

That gives some idea of the national preoccupation with other and less pleasant things. And when an Englishman is so busy that he forgets about the Derby—well, it is certainly bad news for anybody that he happens to be gunning for. If I were Hitler I should be worried.

Spring Goes Haywire

Weather is, of course, one of the hush-hush items of news. No one is allowed to say publicly or in print what the weather is like, what it has recently been, or what it is apt to be. We are keeping the Nazis in the dark about it—or so we somewhat fondly

hope. But surely now that the spring is over—or what should have been the spring, but was really a hangover of winter—it is safe enough to state that of all the cantankerous, cross-grained, unpatriotic seasons this spring was one of the worst in the memory of mortal Englishman.

It did everything wrong. It blew relentlessly from the east for weeks on end, when the southwest winds should have been shepherding the great fat clouds gently in from over the Gulf Stream. It was cold when it should have been warm, and aridly dry when it should have been wet. There were no April or May showers. What daring vegetables managed to thrust their heads through the hard ground were promptly battered and frost-nipped. Gardeners and farmers were in despair. It was, in short, a helluva spring—the sort of spring Hitler himself might have prescribed for us.

And then all of a sudden, when we were finally giving up hope—but perhaps you know how full of surprises the English climate can be. All of a sudden came balmy breezes, the longed-for showers, the warm sunshine, with the flowers and vegetables almost leaping right off the ground in their haste to get up, and the whole countryside looking its marvellous best. How these things happen, far be it from me to attempt to say. Perhaps it is in answer to prayer. Perhaps it is just the natural playfulness of the British climate, which never does what people

expect—never certainly at the time they expect it. Anyway, this last joke is a great success.

Already the crop-prophets, whose gloom would have made Cassandra sound like a faith-healer, are talking cheerfully about the prospects. Things will be a bit late, of course, but they should be good when they come. Haymaking has begun, and the crop is said to be excellent—all the more pleasantly surprising, since only a fortnight or so ago hardly anyone thought there would be enough hay to be worth cutting.

The kale and the swedes and the mangolds are all doing their humble but patriotic best. So apparently are most of the other things that grow either in the ground or on top of it. Altogether it looks as if we should eat fairly reg'lar next winter—and this goes for the sheep and the cows as well as the rest of us. A not unimportant consideration.

D'Oyly Carte Forever

There'll always be an England we are assured—and we all hope and believe—and also, it seems, there'll always be a Savoy Opera Company. Mr. D'Oyly Carte and his associates furnish the nearest approach to perpetual motion in the whole world of the theatre. Other famous and popular productions are revived from time to time, but the Savoy Operas simply go on forever. They never stop. If it isn't London, it is the Provinces. And if not the Provinces, then Canada, the United States, Australia, Heaven only knows where—and so back to where they started.



A detachment of two officers and 49 men of the United States Marine Corps has arrived in London "to facilitate communications between the various United States offices located there". They have taken up their posts at the United States Embassy. Here two of the Marines and a London Bobby try with amusement to fathom each other's "foreign" accent.

Fortunately for London at this time, they are at home once more, and really at home—in the Savoy. There they have already put on "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers." And London is showing its appreciation by packing every performance, and greeting everything and everyone with such enthusiasm that you might think they were hearing Gilbert's jokes and Sullivan's melodies for the first time.

As to the performances themselves—but there is surely no need to say anything about that. They are always the same performances, or so nearly as makes no difference. Favorite players die or retire. Bertha Lewis is gone, and Henry Lytton, and Leo Sheffield, but new players have taken their places, as they took the places of a still older generation of Savoy artists—for though Lytton's connection with the Savoy Company went back to the very beginning, it was only in minor parts that he originally played.

So the great tradition is carried on. The productions are never really new, and never really old. Change is always taking place, but so gradually that it is hardly noticed—except by those watchful elders who have been attending every performance they could since the days of the Boer War or earlier. And that is another remarkable thing about the Savoy Operas—the audience seems always the same, too. Always the foundation of veteran enthusiasts, with an admixture of newcomers who are seeing the operas for the first time lucky devils! And the audiences are part of the tradition, too—a very important part.

Eton's Head Still High

Eton's head may be bombed and blown off, or, at any rate, somewhat bruised—but it is unbowed. Last week Eton celebrated the famous "Fourth" with all the old enthusiasm, though with less than the usual pageantry. There was no procession of boats, and no fireworks, but there were the usual speeches and school plays, and the usual cricket match on Agar's Plough.

Altogether a good and lively time seems to have been had. The Nazis made no attempt to interfere. Such war-planes as roared about overhead were piloted by Old Etonians, dipping and rolling in salute to their old school. They would probably have welcomed a visit from the Luftwaffe as part of the festivities.

One question that people are asking about Eton is what effect the new clothes-rationing scheme will have on the traditional costume of the school. It is not a matter of the consumption of cloth. If the older boys wear long-tailed coats, the younger boys wear coats without any tails at all, so what is lost on the swings is gained on the roundabouts.

The difficulty is that the long-tailed coats and the funny little jackets with a point behind are alike unsuitable for wear anywhere else than at Eton, and on quite formal occasions. And not even Eton boys are always at school. For a quite considerable

part of the year they are on vacation—presumably in places where it is desirable that they should look like boys and not young Etonians. Obviously some sort of compromise must be achieved. If they are to have only one suit a year, it must be a general-purpose suit—something in grey flannel, perhaps. And you can't possibly wear a topper with that.

Altogether it looks as if the famous Eton costume is doomed. The story goes that it was originally adopted as mourning for George III. Well, 120 years seems a good long time to be wearing mourning even for a king, and it is about time that the boys were allowed to put away their funeral garb. No one is likely to regret it very much except the tailors. They, poor fellows, will be quite inconsolable. A goose that laid all those golden eggs every year was certainly a bird to cherish.

Cook's Centenary

Just 100 years ago the Great Western Railway started its train service from London to Bristol. This was regarded in its day as the culmination of a great engineering achievement, for the construction of the line included the digging of the famous Box Hill Tunnel through the Cotswolds nearly two miles long, b'gad, sir!

Opponents of the scheme described it as "monstrous and impracticable," and almost as an open defiance of the will of the Almighty, who obviously hadn't put hills there just for mere mortals to go through them instead of over. But Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, thought differently. So well did he plan, that the tunnelling gangs working from opposite ends met "to a hair" in the middle. It was considered a great triumph—not without reason. Apparently the Almighty hadn't really minded.

At the very same time a young temperance enthusiast in the Midland town of Market Harborough, the Secretary, no less, of the South Midland Temperance Association, hired a special train on the Midland Railway to take a party of his fellow workers against the genial demon from Leicester to Loughborough and back. Ribald persons have suggested that it was the only way he could be sure of getting them past the "pubs" along the way.

"I don't know anything about you or your association," said the local railway manager, probably no friend of temperance, "but you can have your train."

Some 600 passengers climbed into the line of open carriages mere trucks they would be considered now.

and made the journey to Loughborough and back, a matter of 24 miles, for a shilling a head. Rather a comic proceeding altogether, but let us speak reverently of it, for it was the first excursion train in history.

It was also the beginning of the world's first and greatest travel organization. The young man's name was Thomas Cook. He was the founder of "Cook's," which is now celebrating its centenary.



Salads are easy to make with tender, delicious, Aylmer Asparagus.

AYLMER
Brand
ASPARAGUS
ALL CANADIAN!
CANADIAN CANNERS LIMITED



Dr. A. W. Lumsden Smith of Manchester, England, and his family. He has entered King's Norton election as a "Bomb Berlin" candidate, saying: "Our bombs should be concentrated on Germany where the battle can be won."



Queen Marie of Yugoslavia who is living in England with her three sons, two of whom are shown here with her: Prince Tomislav, standing, and Prince Andrej. King Peter recently joined his exiled family in England.

"THE BACK PAGE"

William Butler Yeats

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ONLY those oldsters who trod this troubled planet in the later 'Nineties will ever fully understand how the Celtic Revival once stirred our so-called World of Letters.

That palingenetic movement began with a Dublin-born youth who answered to the name of William Butler Yeats. Oscar Wilde told him he was wasting his time in Ireland and sent him off to London, at the age of twenty-three. The following year, to wit, 1889, Yeats's first book, "The Wanderings Of Oisin," started a new interest in native Irish writing. That oddly naive book was followed by many others, the Irish National Theatre was founded, and a new voice touched with the mingled mysticisms of Blake and Shelley and Maeterlinck caught the ear of England and far-off America.

Early in the new century Yeats arrived in America, on a reading tour. It stands one of life's little ironies that the first public appearance of this apostle of paganism, inaugurating that tour, should have been in an episcopal church. And, of all places, in the Bowery. But the presiding rector of St. Mark's-In-The-Bouwerie had both a liberal mind and a soft spot for the makers of song, even shocking some of his parishioners by introducing choral dancing into his services. He was not only glad to give Yeats the use of his church for the long-legged Irish poet's first public reading, but he invited to his vestry on that momentous occasion a collection of kindred spirits to shake hands with the newly-arrived celebrity.

I sat in the vestry that night, side by side with Harvey O'Higgins and half-a-dozen others interested in Ireland and its new interpreter. And the unofficial part of the program, that evening, impressed me as more worth while than the official part. Yeats talked to us calmly and softly, in no way disturbed as the zero hour approached. He was, plainly enough, quite used to public speaking. I had, frankly, expected something austere and remote and abstracted in this make of mystical rams. But I found myself confronted by a composed and rather voluble host with a Dublin softness of intonation, a body with long and spare, aristocratically bisected features, and a shock of raven-black hair that made his face look paler than it really was.

WE LIED him with questions, of course, and some of them must have been pretty crazy. But he was both patient and urbane, and Celtic enough to glory in a bit of talk. Sometimes he would sit in silence and turn an *extra-crazy* query over in his mind, very much as a squirrel turns a nut over in its paws. For the studious man of letters was never lost in the gossip at the crossroads. He confided that metrical composition was always very difficult to him. There were times when all he got out of a day of toil would be six short stanzas. The new movement, he said, was going to kill and bury the *Irishman* of old. He said that he declined to read American newspapers because he nursed the fear they might corrupt his vocabulary.

It was all very friendly and informal, and I'm afraid considerable pipe-smoke curled up that night between those sacred walls. Yet when one less discriminating spirit stood up in meeting and told Yeats he liked the latter's poetry because it had "blood and guts" in it, the fastidious Irish face looked puzzled and then lighted up with joy. That belated joy, however, must have been born of wishful thinking. For, whatever its evanescent and incorporeal charm, Yeats's poetry was not then distinguished for either its sanguinary robustness or its visceral content. On the contrary—as the unhappy Frenchman on the rough channel-crossing replied when asked if he had breakfasted. In those early

a la Newburg. Years later Yeats himself used "The Dreaming Of The Bones" as a title. That was after he capped his mysticism with a belief in ghosts, and gave his friends gooseflesh by conversing with the departed.

It was interesting to hear him tell about the start of what later became the Abbey Theatre. It was a very humble beginning, in a Dublin hall rented for forty pounds a year, with a stage just about big enough to swing a cat by the tail. That hall had no seats, so they solved the problem by buying five dozen school-bench castings, which they carpentered together with floor-boards. They built and painted their own scenery—which may have been the secret source of Yeats's life-long plea for simplification of background and purity of elocution. Their first production cost exactly five pounds. But there was no heat in the building. When they opened with Willie's "Dierdre" Frank Fay complained that the hall was as cold as the audience.

But the most interesting event in that vestry-room conference was when the rector of St. Mark's-In-The-Bouwerie reappeared, this time with his watch in his hand, to announce that the audience was getting restless and that it was high time for him to introduce the guest-speaker of the evening and get going. Yeats, without rising from his chair, indolently agreed with him. Then he glanced

(Continued on Page 32)

Pants and Politics

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

COUNT CIANO, Il Duce's son-in-law, appears to have retired from military life to take up his old love, Journalism. Not long ago he came out with a fashion note which should give totalitarian ladies with nostalgic longings for beach wear something to think about.

"Pants for women first appeared in Bolshevik Russia," the Count wrote recently in his newspaper, *Telagrafo*. . . . "Snobs in British and U.S. resorts found the fashion interesting and perfected it. This is just another example of many points in common between Communism and Plutocracy."

Well I guess that was hitting the totalitarian ladies over the head with a rolled-up copy of the *Telegraph*, eh Count? The Russian toiler working away in a tractor or hydraulic pump factory, and the Hollywood or Cliveden set lovely, lolling in a deck-chair with a long cool drink, were identical under their ideological pants; and a girl is known by the company she keeps.

It only needed this hint, you may be sure, to send the Italian ladies scuttling back into their totalitarian skirts. For in the Axis countries a fashion hint isn't just something you glance over idly after the supper dishes are washed up. It's a public notice, and you pay attention to it if you don't want to be picked up by a police officer with a lop-sided sneer. . . . "So you forgot to read Count Ciano's column last night, eh? Better come along and explain them pants to the Chief."

THE Reich leaders settled the whole problem of trousers for women long before the war even started, probably with some such patriotic slogan as "Panzer instead of Pants." The whole prejudice against ladies' trousers doubtless goes deep into some brooding Teutonic race theory, and like most of the Teutonic mystique doesn't make a particle of sense. It doesn't even fit in with their well-known National Plan for German Women ("National Plan Die Deutschen Frauen Reizlos zu machen").

For consider the No. 1 Nazi Glamor Girl, the Niedschean Warrior's Delight, Model 1941. She wears a blouse and skirt, selected from her ration card, the skirt coming well down above her cotton stockings. She smells of soap (if she's lucky) and fresh air, with perhaps just a whiff of *ersatz* cooking essence. She doesn't paint or powder or color her finger-nails or curl her hair. Do the Nazi warriors really find her delightful? My own suspicion is that they

don't and that the Fuehrer deliberately thought up his Ideal Nordic Woman to keep the warriors from getting restless and homesick at the front.

BUT if this is the case, if the Fuehrer is really sincere in making his totalitarian ladies just as unattractive as he possibly can, why has he neglected the remarkable possibilities in the field of feminine pants? I don't, Heaven knows, want to be accused of doing anything to help the totalitarian cause along, but I just can't help pointing out to Herr Hitler and Count Ciano that there is at least one fine bet they have overlooked. This is the type of feminine trouser that is frequently seen in this country on ferry boats and free bathing beaches. They are made of low-grade terry cloth and after the first wearing they are guaranteed to conceal any curves that Nature intended and develop any number of others that Nature never dreamed of in her wildest moments. After the second wearing it is possible for their owner to turn round in them without taking them off. They are uncrushable, they provide all the *Lebensraum* anybody could ask for, and they require no care, since it is impossible to make them look any worse. Best of all, the mere sight of them would be enough to make any Nazi warrior climb gladly aboard his Panzerwagen and head for Minsk or even Omsk.

AND what about shorts, Herr Hitler and Count Ciano? Particularly those little pleated sail-cloth pants in out-sizes and pastel shades? And the knickers with dangling straps worn by lady botanists and bird-lovers? And Miss Elsa Maxwell in English riding breeches? The totalitarian boys may think they are very clever about this national planning to make woman look her worst, but I fancy the democracies can still teach them a trick or two.

Of course this is all just idle talk. Even if Herr Hitler could be persuaded on purely anti-aesthetic grounds to let the totalitarian ladies wear pants, and even if Count Ciano's ideological theory were to be disproved by, say, the Turks coming in on the Axis side (the Turkish ladies used to wear pants), there's still very little chance of pants for ladies appearing on any totalitarian ration-card. For whatever you may say about pants they are about the most comfortable garment there is. And if there is anything the totalitarian boys find intolerable it's the notion of anybody, anywhere, being comfortable for a single minute.

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Above: South American mink collar—V-shaped on black or green coat. Women's sizes. Price, \$49.00.

Left: Lavishing trimming of dyed beige fox on a beige coat. Size 34. Price, \$79.00.

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THE FILM PARADE

Mary Lowrey Ross is recognized as one of the ablest as well as one of the wittiest of film reviewers. Her comment on the current cinema is an outstanding feature of every SATURDAY NIGHT.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

you peg down aluminum, or commodity, you profit that might be a holding, but profit from the producing.

Thus the government kept inventory by purchasing, if prices were high, it would still have profit for unprofitable industrial companies. The present situation is effective, is production, which create profit over time unless a rising costs, measures, the corporation income, profits, taxes, the money that goes to the investors, factory state, the purposes of real estate is pegging of, they might have any hope of value.

The capital essentially the investor, accented, hemmed in or may not find which might find power.

Wheat and

Thus many kinds are subject to the vicissitudes of a drug on the market, be supported, give the farm silver is too much of a whim of. While stocks can be sold to the profit through regulation and taxation, while a fixed return, certainly rising.

The investment fully to a wa

PEL. 2

The Investor's Dilemma: To Live or To Save

PEOPLE make news



Pola Negri, silent film star, who was refused entry into the U.S. because her 5-year permit had lapsed and had not been renewed. Reputed "a friend of Hitler," she was lodged on Ellis Island by immigration men.



Lt. P. S. Bhagat, 24, 21st Bombay Sappers, who was awarded the V.C. for bravery in Libya. During an advance, he went ahead of troops, clearing minefields. He was blown up twice, had an ear drum burst. He is convalescing.



The German-approved caption on this wirephoto released by Berlin authorities, claims that this man is Jacob Stalin, son of the Russian dictator. Stalin, married twice, had a son by his first wife. The man would now be 28.



When the Nazis took most of this Australian's battalion prisoner in Crete, he set out in a 16-foot sailboat for Africa. Ten miles off Africa, his boat broke up. He then struck out for shore, using a 2-gallon water tin as support.



Anxious to obtain American war materials, Russia has already sent a military mission to the U.S. Shown here with Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Constantine Oumansky, at the extreme left, they are Lieutenant-General Philip Ivanovitch Golikov, chief of the mission, and General Alexander Respin, engineering expert. The United States, anxious to help enemies of Germany, has dispatched Harry Hopkins, personal representative of the President, to Moscow.

THE attempt to keep the investor on a fixed budget while protecting the status of the war worker and the public servant, at the same time removing all hedges against money depreciation, reduces many investors to the choice of consuming capital in order that they also may continue to live well, or of skimping with the prospect of seeing their capital ultimately expropriated.

That many choose the former course is natural, but when their consumption is added to that of other classes, the economy propaganda of the government is defeated. The answer is in a method of war finance which will combine economy and thrift for all.

Whether to give up or to fight on for survival is the dilemma of the investor at this time when circumstances conspire against him. If capitalism is to be wiped out, then he might as well give up now, for there is no future under any system which transfers the title of everything to the state, and leaves the investor dependent upon the leavings, for these, we may be all too sure, would be trifling.

Indeed, many well-to-do people are accepting this defeatist view, after surveying the current schedules of income and capital taxes, and the governmental policy of hindering the expansion of capital values while

BY W. A. MCKAGUE

It is the investor who is bearing the brunt of the effort to finance this war. He is faced with the choice of consuming capital in order to live well, or of penny-pinching with the prospect of one day seeing his capital expropriated. Under the circumstances, he has little inclination to save.

Economy and public finance can be coupled by assessing the vast army of war workers who are now seeking exemption, rather than by putting the screws on those who, by their thrift, have made production of goods possible.

industrial workers and public servants are encouraged to put in their claims for compensation against every rise in living costs. It is no wonder, therefore, that both old fortunes and new earnings alike tend to be dissipated in riotous living. To eat, drink and be merry is the motto of the day, because under the new order which is mooted to follow the war there is to be no special privilege to reward those who have saved or

who now propose to save. This undoubtedly is the chief reason why our governments have failed to secure any effective degree of economy in consumption.

Realizing that our public finances, which already were over-expended, would be put into a critical state by the strain of the war, the first thoughts of the shrewd investor were directed towards the old reliable hedges against the currency depreciation which usually follows these circumstances. These hedges are the enduring commodities and the capital facilities for producing such commodities, real estate and corporation stocks being included in the latter category. The new economic agencies of the state are far-seeing, however. They first of all undertook to prevent any flight of capital by a complicated system of exchange regulation, and whatever this may have lacked in effectiveness has been completed by the obvious fact that, however grave our Canadian problems may be, there does not seem to be any better hole, no, not even the United States, since the latter has also embarked on a vast armament program, while South America is pitied with revolutionary plots.

Then came the program of pegging the prices of commodities, and preventing the accumulation of any speculative inventories. Clearly, when

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Democracy Worth Fighting For

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE other day I read in an old copy of the *Vancouver Sun* an editorial lament about the lack of military ardor of the young men of the Coast Province. "What has happened in British Columbia everyone is at a loss to explain," said the *Sun*. "Our boys simply refuse to join the army, a strange condition indeed in a province which has always considered itself more British and more patriotic than any other part of the country. One is forced at last to accept the reports of those who have travelled all over the nation and tell us that British Columbia, being farther away from it, does not feel the danger, the stress and the responsibility of the war as keenly as other provinces do...."

Let the *Sun* lift its head. Recruiting has gone all too slowly in other provinces too. The fact which we might as well face is that the young men of Canada today are not responding to the call to arms as the young men of the last generation did. Why aren't they? Certainly it isn't due to any lack of courage or patriotism. Isn't it the lack of an idea a

Cause?

Canada's and indeed all Democracy's greatest need in this war is a good Cause. What is Democracy fighting for? To save Britain? But the young men of Canada who were not born in Britain (and very few of them were), and certainly the young men of the United States and Poland and Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, are not keen enough on saving Britain to want to fight for that reason alone.

Youth Needs Educating

Then, to beat Hitler and save Democracy? But the young men of today ask why they should be expected to want to save Democracy, if that means preserving the kind of society which existed before the war

a society, to them, distinguished by chronic business depression and unemployment and denial of opportunity.

In view of the fact that these young men, because of their age, have known no other conditions it's scarcely surprising that they think this way. To those of us who know better, it should mean that there is a job of propaganda or rather education to be done.

When the decade-long depression spread like a contagion from industry to industry and from country to country, a cry went up that the economic system had broken down and must be radically made over, but what youth does not realize is that this has been said in every previous depression, all of which were succeeded by periods of prosperity rising to levels of common welfare unknown before.

Progress Under Democracy

Surely the record of social progress under the free enterprise system evidences its value and that it is not lightly to be discarded. Not only has it (and no other system) given us such material benefits as electricity, the automobile, aeroplane, radio, moving picture and telephone, but also vital advancements in medicine, surgery, hygiene, popular education, culture and in the very span of life itself. The common standards of health and comfort and security have been raised immeasurably. And the process, clearly, is cumulative; discovery follows upon discovery, benefit upon benefit, at an ever-accelerating rate. And right now science is making fresh discoveries that promise amazing new social gains. These things, be it noted, all derive from the freedom of individual initiative made possible by Democracy. Would they be possible under a totalitarian system made to serve the whims of a dictator?

Certainly we are far from having a perfect society (and man being frail and prone to error, we never shall have it) but it is indisputable that improvement is constantly going on and it seems more than foolish to condemn the system for what it has not yet accomplished, when the path of progress is so clearly defined.

Democracy has a Cause worth fighting for, the best Cause possible, the Cause of maintenance of the right to win the new kind of world being brought into view. It is a Cause which, adequately presented, should enthuse our young men, inflame them, and carry them forward irresistibly. It is a Cause which would give new strength and purpose and unity to the whole Democratic world.

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you peg down the price of copper, or aluminum, or any other essential commodity, you not only forestall any profit that might have resulted from a holding, but you also prevent a profit from accruing to whoever owns the producing plants.

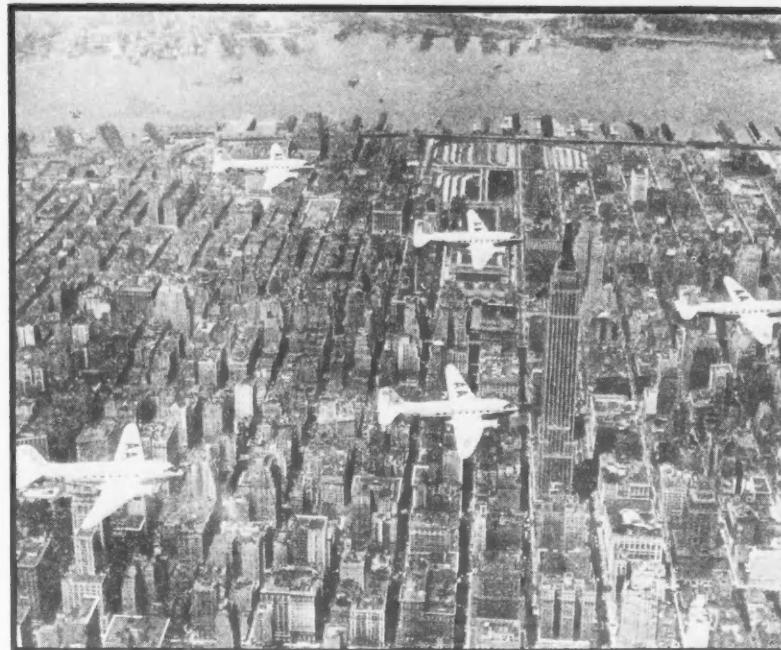
Thus the government might have kept inventory profits to a minimum by purchasing all output at once, but if prices were permitted to rise there would still have been an increased profit per unit produced, and therefore a gain in the value of shares of industrial plants. The most that industrial concerns can benefit under the present program, so long as it is effective, is through capacity production, which permits of a moderate profit over all costs and depreciation unless a squeeze results from rising costs. Over and above these measures, there are the increased corporation income taxes and the excess profits taxes, which cut deeply into the money that would otherwise flow to the investor because of the satisfactory state of business volume. For the purposes of such control even real estate is viewed as plant, and the pegging of rentals in areas where they might have advanced forestalls any hope of appreciation in capital value.

The capitalist, who, of course, is essentially the same person as the investor, accordingly finds himself hemmed in on every side, so that he may not find any recourse or hedge which might maintain his purchasing power.

Wheat and Silver

Thus manufactured goods of all kinds are subject to decay or to the vicissitudes of fashion, wheat is such a drug on the market that it has to be supported by the government to give the farmer a bare living, and silver is too much dependent upon the whim of Washington. Corporation stocks can benefit only in proportion to the profits which may trickle through from a complicated plan of regulation and an onerous scale of taxation, while real estate offers only a fixed return against an almost certainly rising cost.

The investor would submit cheerfully to a war program which pegged



As "V for Victory" campaign spreads, many ways are devised to express it. These are American Airline flagships in a flying V over New York.

everything at levels justified by long term experience. But he has been somewhat disturbed by the effort to relegate, by artificial means, his reward to the minor rate of three per cent on government bonds. And he is alarmed by the present tendency to leave the gate open for wage advances for industrial workers and public servants, while he is still kept in the corral.

It is not to be expected that this program will be long effective, for the events of this period are of such magnitude as to quickly break down any system which is too finely drawn. The people of the world today are suffering from a plague of restraint, and when the war is over there will be the reaction towards freedom, which, if not given the chance of a constructive individual life, can only bring red riot and chaos throughout the world.

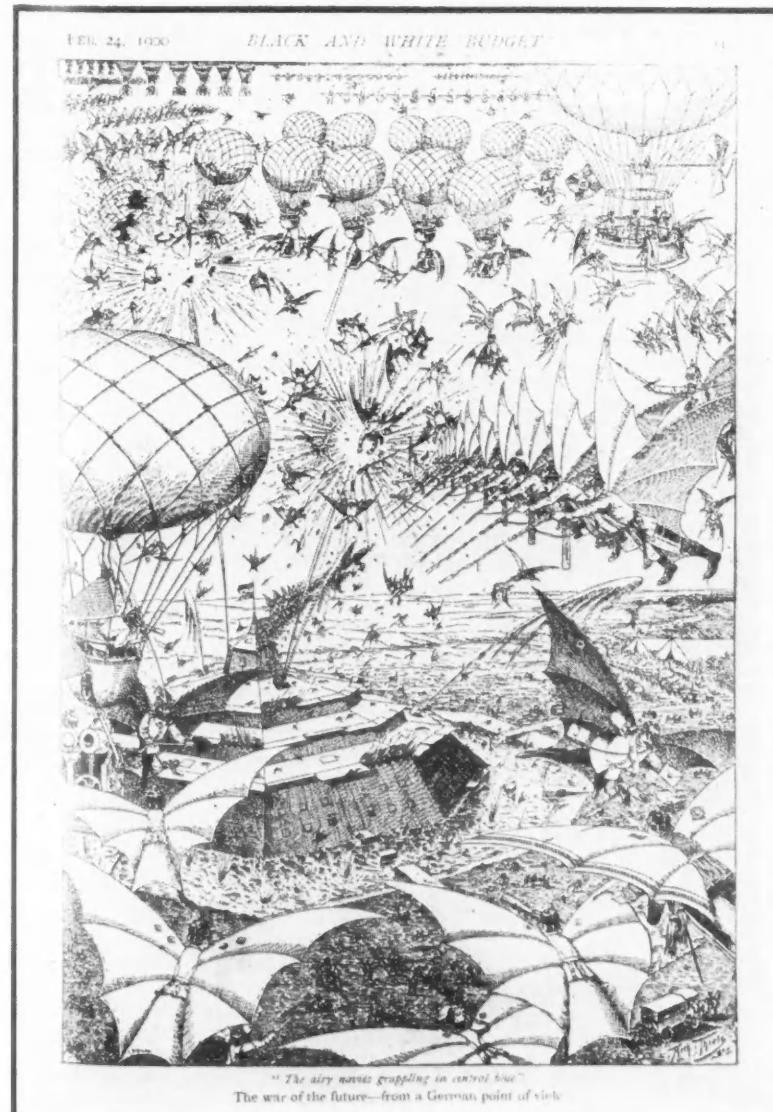
Man survives because he overthrows systems, and it is one of his greatest misfortunes that those pow-

ers which succeed in repressing him too often turn him against his fellows in destructive war. The African chief who said to the colonial governor, "You took away our spears so that we could no longer kill a few of our rivals, but now you bring us machine guns and ask us to kill them by the hundreds," expressed all too well the fate of civilization when it submits to being too well ordered. And if there is any merit in even the fate that we are seeking to avoid, or else we might as well abandon the name of democracy, it is this kind of Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, the Constitution of the United States of America, and all the other declarations through which man has sought to express his freedom.

Need Practical Recognition

The reef on which the ship of control already threatens to wreck itself is that of economy, which involves thrift in the financial sense, and saving of materials in the broader sense. Our governments may preach all they like, but they will not secure the co-operation of the public until they practice. The declared intent to confer cost-of-living bonuses on war workers and public servants is such a slap in the face to all other classes, who are clearly intended to bear the load of those who are exempted in addition to their own, that there is no disposition to save. The investor may impoverish himself in endeavoring to keep pace with the cost of living. But in instances which are too numerous for the good of the community, he is prepared to live off his capital rather than see it ultimately expropriated. And the consumption of goods by all of these people, in addition to those who are getting the cost-of-living rewards, is quite enough to obliterate the thrift propaganda. What we need is a practical recognition by our governments of the financial burdens of the war, so that all services both public and private, and all workers both public and private, may share in it.

The official disposition to exhaust the mere citizen before effecting any crimp in the machinery of the state, to stifle the spirit of saving and to glorify everything which contributes to the power of the machine, is fast wearing the patience of the people. Our ship of public finance is drifting in treacherous waters. The safer course is in the open sea, where the tides run deep and the trade winds blow. Economy and public finance can be combined by bringing under the assessments the vast army of war workers who are now seeking exemption, rather than by putting the thumb-screw on the very few who may have anything left among those who by their practice of thrift in the past and the present, have provided the wherewithal to produce goods. And even if this should prohibit further borrowing, then well and good for the economy program might very well be achieved by such rates of taxation on all earnings and incomes as would restrict everyone in respect to the amount of merchandise that he could buy.



A conception of aerial warfare which was published in the "Black and White Budget" of February 24, 1900. The caption reads: "The airy navies grappling in central blue. The war of the future from a German point of view." Note the soldier at lower left who has stopped his flight in mid-air to swab out the cannon suspended from the balloon.

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE



The Telephone Comes to The Prairies

• The telephone was invented in Ontario, and most of its early development took place in the East. But the hardy pioneers who settled the Canadian Prairie Provinces were not slow to adopt it. Winnipeg got its first telephone in March, 1878. In Calgary a retired officer of the Northwest Mounted Police, Colonel James Walker, established a telephone line between his office and his sawmill in 1883. The following year he installed a switchboard and operated telephone lines for the convenience of nine subscribers, including the Northwest Mounted Police. Saskatchewan began to take up the telephone in 1882, and, in time, lonely farms became less lonely. Today, in every part of the Dominion, remote villages, and isolated ranches, as well as town and city homes and offices, can be placed in instant voice touch with one another through the coast-to-coast circuits of the Trans-Canada Telephone System.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

HEDLEY MASCOT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Hedley Mascot Gold shares have been suggested to me for a purchase but before buying I would again welcome some information from you. What is the dividend outlook and mine prospects generally? Will the lack of success with the Carty property mean much of a loss?

—A. D. B., Kamloops, B.C.

Hedley Mascot Gold Mines is now on a regular quarterly basis of two cents a share and even with the anticipated higher costs, contemplated writing-off of a probable loss in the Carty operation, and the intention to mine some of the lower grade ore, it is believed earnings will be sufficient to maintain dividend payments and build a surplus.

In spite of the favorable indications from diamond drilling on the Carty property, development failed to establish any continuity. As pointed out by W. B. Farris, president, experience with the Mascot property has been that development of orebodies proved more favorable than indicated by diamond drilling, while the opposite has been true in the Carty. Mr. Farris expects that most of the \$50,000 advance made to Carty would be recovered through salvage from ore on the dump and salvage of equipment.

The developments of the past year are described by the president as

"highly encouraging and warrant an optimistic outlook for the future, and it is gratifying to note . . . that after five years of operation we now have as much indicated ore as we had in sight at the beginning of our operation." The company's net working capital at the end of 1940 was close to \$250,000.

—HOLLINGER, HUDSON BAY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to buy Hollinger and Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting stocks. I would value your opinion.

—W. E., Toronto, Ont.

In my opinion you would be making no mistake in buying Hollinger and Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting.

Hollinger is the largest gold mine in Canada, with ore reserves sufficient for years and excellent potentialities for the future. This is one company that can step up its production to offset the impost of greater taxation.

The Hudson Bay operation is undergoing enlargement this year to a daily tonnage of 6,000 tons. Ore reserves have been considerably expanded and the company has highly efficient management. Increased production as a result of the mill step-up is likely to offset any further rise in taxes. Payment of an interim dividend of \$1.00 a share late in June, suggests the profits are running ahead of 1940, when the net was equal to \$2.16 a share.

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33 years of age—11 years cost and organizing experience in several important industries. Now employed—but seeks new connection with well established or growing concern. Box 120, Saturday Night.

The company also has \$1,441,655 in securities, having been a recent heavy subscriber to Canada's victory loan. In addition to this is a metal inventory of \$1,979,615. These three items alone exceed \$6,500,000, or more than \$2 on each company share outstanding. Net profits in the second quarter of 1941 were 7.29 cents per share, or a rate of close to \$1,000,000 a year.

Beattie Gold Mines produced \$717,000 during the three months ended June 30th compared with \$618,500 in the preceding quarter.

Noranda Mines is maintaining gold production at slightly more than \$800,000 every 30 days. Copper output from Noranda is substantially more than is the gold production, but with copper data withheld because of Defence regulations.

The C.I.O. is practicing a "war of nerves" in the gold mining country of Northern Ontario and North Western Quebec. As propaganda calculated to dupe the workmen into joining the organization a round-about reference to a wage increase demand is being made. This suggests a demand for an increase of 15 cents per hour. The fake is quickly exposed in light of the fact that to make any such demand would be a challenge to the Canadian government itself. The truth is that under Order 7440 the employers in Canada are forbidden to raise basic wages during the period of the war. Also, the men who become duped by the C.I.O. agitators are perhaps not aware that legislation was passed just a few days ago which permits the use of the militia when and where required in connection with wage disputes or any other situation calculated to interfere with national welfare. It is to be remembered that it was the flash of a bayonet in California a few weeks ago which turned the tide in the United States from a deadly drift toward C.I.O. chaos. Now the loyal and unselfish citizen of America regards the government with added degrees of respect, and can readily recognize the C.I.O. for what it is—an ally of Adolf Hitler.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. MCRAE

LAKE Shore Mines appears likely to be in a position to increase its production of gold at a very substantial rate in the near future. For the past couple of years a large amount of preparatory work has been completed, gradually adding to the number of working faces, and steadily reducing the amount of ore necessary to draw from each working face. Official data show a very large amount of ore now in sight carries nearly twice as much gold per ton as that mined in the past year or so. In fact, ore carrying close to \$25 per ton now in sight in the Lake Shore Mine may be measured in millions of tons.

Lake Shore is machined to mine and mill 25 per cent more ore than is being currently dealt with. A combined increase in tonnage treated together with larger gold content per ton would quickly reflect itself upon the prosperity of the company.

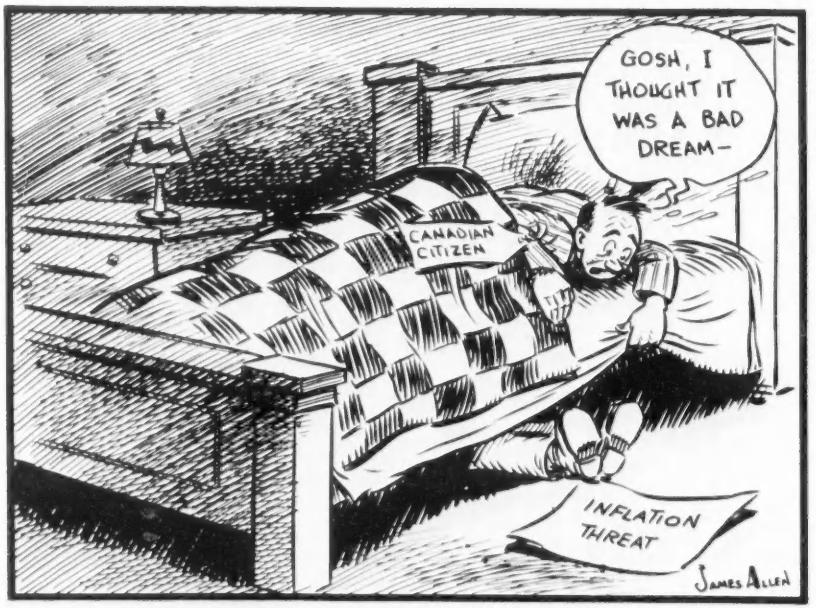
Nickel consumption is rising to new high levels. The United States alone is using around 17,000,000 lbs.

a month. Complete data are not available regarding production, but the indications are that world output is higher than ever before and has reached a rate of at least 300,000,000 pounds. At the time of writing, the United States is in the market for possibly 65 per cent of the current world production of nickel.

Gold output of the mines in the province of Quebec rose to 533,323 ounces in the first six months of 1941.

Hoyle Gold Mines is producing about \$75,000 a month and showing an operating profit of around \$25,000 a month. Cost of operation is estimated at \$3 per ton. The ore occurs in wide bodies, a factor which contributes toward low mining costs. The average width of the orebodies is over 40 feet.

Falconbridge Nickel Mines has current assets of \$7,080,956, while current liabilities are just \$546,107. Cash on hand is \$3,173,979, or just about \$1 on each share outstanding.



THE LITTLE MAN WHO IS THERE!

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I am holding a portfolio some stores. I would think they are don't have to for some time. What do you do for a dividend?

That they are fact that the c been on the year and that ing so far into you say, you can the stock has the long term.

In recent years has carried on habitation and stores, has closed and opened new markets. The result plus account of \$150,641. More profitable and adjustment deficit and create Net for the fis ber 31, 1940, 36 cents per share.

Some small cents per share the current year not gain over of a large indicated. Ho are expected to fit from the newer and more stores are felt fit margins is company's strong.

Dominion S of about 324 ada, mostly in tario and Quernd, self-servi one-third of departments. 1940, 234 stor

CANADA BREAD
Please give 5 per cent for Canada Bread well as the what is the and we have off in the las

The first pada Bread has sent time for tion possibility commi des A "big" help hammer as a workman's cent Nazi bo

GOLD & DROSS

DOMINION STORES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding in a considerable portfolio some shares of Dominion Stores. I would like to know if you think they are worth holding; I don't have to sell but could hold on for some time. I just want to be sure that the stock has some possibilities. What do you think of the prospects for a dividend payment?

—A. O. H., Victoria, B.C.

That they are remote, despite the fact that the company's business has been on the uptrend for the past year and that this trend is continuing so far into 1941. However, if, as you say, you can afford to speculate, the stock has some possibilities over the long term.

In recent years, Dominion Stores has carried out a program of rehabilitation and modernization of its stores, has closed unprofitable units and opened newer and larger markets. The result was a deficit in surplus account which reached a total of \$150,641 at December 31, 1939. More profitable operations in 1940 and adjustments eliminated the deficit and created a surplus \$56,343. Net for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1940, was \$100,819, equal to 36 cents per share—the best experienced by the company since 1933.

Some small gain over 1940's 36 cents per share can be expected in the current year, I think. Sales may not gain over last year, as the closing of a large number of stores is indicated. However, sales per store are expected to rise, and, as the benefits from the increased number of newer and more efficient self-service stores are felt, some widening of profit margins is to be expected. The company's financial position is strong.

Dominion Stores operates a chain of about 324 stores in eastern Canada, mostly in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. About 63 are modern, self-service stores and over one-third of the stores have meat departments. During the years 1938-1940, 234 stores were closed and 83 opened.

CANADA BREAD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your opinion of the 5 per cent first preferred stock of Canada Bread Company, Limited, as well as the common stock. Also, what is the outlook for the company and where have profits been falling off in the last year or so?

—T. I. S., Toronto, Ont.

The first preferred stock of Canada Bread has attraction at the present time for income; its appreciation possibilities are limited. The common, despite an improvement in

its position by the retiring of the company's entire funded debt on August 1, has no better than average speculative appeal.

Canada Bread, like all the baking industry, has been laboring under considerable difficulties since the beginning of the War. Increased production costs in the baking industry began when the government found it necessary to peg the price of wheat at 70 cents per bushel; it is now being sold at 75 cents per bushel. Then production costs received another boost when a processing tax of 15 cents per bushel was placed on wheat destined for human consumption in Canada. This tax amounts to about 67½ cents per 196-pound barrel of flour. Also, the cost of all other ingredients used in the industry has been increased.

The outlook for an increase in the price of bread is unencouraging. In presenting the last annual report, President C. H. Carlisle admitted:

"It was anticipated by the War Time Prices Board that the baking industry, which is the third largest industry in Canada, might immediately raise the price of bread to the consumer. Steps were taken by the Board which have effectively checked any such increase."

Add to the foregoing, the fact that the baking industry is competitive to the highest degree and you see why profits have been dwindling.

On the whole, when you consider the difficulties under which the company has been working, Canada Bread's results for the year ended June 30, 1941, were far from discouraging. Income was equal to \$11.60 on the first preferred and 10 cents on the common, as compared with \$17.29 per preferred and 28 cents per common share in the previous fiscal year. Besides retiring its outstanding funded debt, the company liquidated all property which was not a real asset.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940, but test is now being witnessed with respect to a reversal in trend indications suggesting that such reversal has been effected. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

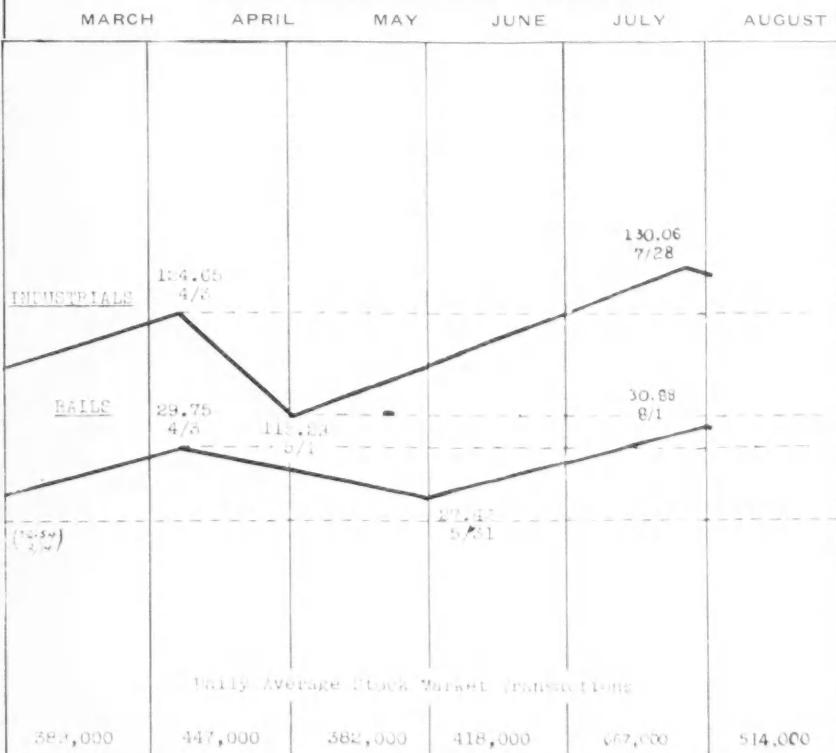
STOCK MARKET TREND

Second quarter earnings reports of American Corporations are now making their appearance. These reports, after giving allowance to the new tax schedules, show earnings improvement, by and large, over 1940. This is a factor of support in the current market. Other items of stimulating import have been (1) the better than generally anticipated performance of the Russian Armies against the Germans, (2) refusal of the House Ways and Means Committee to accede to the President's request that corporate excess profits taxes be wholly based on the rate of return on invested capital, (3) continuation of the advance in commodity prices with little evidence that the government is to institute that kind of control which will stop the inflationary trend, (4) increasing shipments of munitions to Great Britain.

Against these buoyant market developments has been some uncertainty over Japan's future course, now that the United States and Great Britain have decided to exercise a firm policy toward the Nipponese. Furthermore, the matter of where and how greatly priorities are going to affect American industry is still in the formative stage, so far as the investor is concerned. Lastly, there is the knowledge that the market has now been advancing for some three months, during which period the railroad list, as reflected by the Dow-Jones rail average, has realized all of its loss from the November rally peak to the February-May bottoms, whereby the industrial list has recovered five-eighths, or the customary technical amount, of its November to May loss.

Looked at broadly, we see no reason to change our views that the stock market, since February last, has been in a broad accumulation period, preparatory to major or cyclical advance. The recent penetration of the rail average above its five-month trading range confirms previous strength of a similar character by the industrial average and is a strong suggestion that a major move is now under way. Such major move would be confirmed if the averages can now jointly penetrate their November, 1940, rally peaks, as would be indicated by closes at 31.30 and 139.13, respectively. Despite the recent favorable rail action and the encouragement to be gained therefrom so far as concerns the major trend, we feel, from the standpoint of the market's nearer term action, that a degree of caution is advisable at this point. After a penetration of the character just witnessed, particularly following a two to three-month move, markets have sometimes registered recession of secondary character.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



A "big" help is this Amazon of the hammer as she repairs the ceiling of a workman's home damaged in a recent Nazi bombing raid on Croydon.



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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

Garfield Weston's New Job

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

MR. GARFIELD WESTON, the energetic Canadian-born member of the British House of Commons, has recently taken on a new public service, and the London *Daily Mail* has carried a full-page advertisement of the appeal of the Alexandra Orphanage for funds to replace those ordinarily raised by a series of annual festivals which have had to be abandoned during the war. Mr. Weston is chairman of the appeal organization and personally acknowledges all contributions. The work of the Orphanage is more necessary than ever owing to the number of blitz victims leaving dependent children.

In a recent letter to a Canadian friend Mr. Weston, who is chairman of a number of biscuit and food companies in England, states that one of the largest factories had been destroyed by a direct hit by high explosive, but that fortunately nobody had been killed. "Each night during the blitzes we have at least fifteen fire watchers on duty and they have had instructions from me that when really heavy stuff seems to be falling they are to look after their own lives rather than the company's property. I must say this order has often been disregarded, and in this particular case we are thankful that the men, who had put out dozens of incendiaries on the roof of the factory, had



GARFIELD WESTON

just had the command to get down into their dugout. The last man got in with 5 seconds to spare."

Contributions for the Alexandra Fund may be sent to Mr. Weston at Weston Centre, 40, Berkeley Square, London, W. 1.



More and more as Canada's industries are tuned to wartime production, this country providing materiel for her fighting forces. Recently at Sorel, Quebec, the first 25-pound field cannon came off the production line: a 25-pound gun of greater durability, longer range and more simplified operation than any used in World War I, it will be the backbone of Canada's field artillery. Present at the ceremony at Sorel were, in the left hand picture, K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler Corporation and Minister of Munitions C. D. Howe. At the right, "Pit" Demers, Sorel Industries machinist, presents first 25-pounder to Canada.





German troops advance under their own artillery barrage along a road in Russia. Last week the Battle of Russia had not cleared sufficiently to judge who was winning, who losing. After more than 40 days of fighting, the Germans had taken no key cities. German Panzer forces had sliced the Russian Army before Moscow but failed to annihilate it.



Evidence last week was that both the Russian and German armies were tiring; that the limit of human and mechanical endurance had almost been reached. Already the "second" German offensive was petering out and experts saw in its dwindling the start of a "third" offensive with fresh German troops being thrown into the battle. The Russians were countering by sending up fresh divisions and fresh matériel. Both sides were making fantastic claims in the matter of equipment taken, in the number of soldiers captured, in the casualties inflicted upon the enemy. Above: Russian prisoners who have been sent back behind German lines. Below: German prisoners eat in a Russian prison camp.



ABOUT INSURANCE

Collecting Accident and Sickness Claims

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Insurance policies as a rule have so much technical or legal phraseology printed on the inside pages in such small type as to cause the average person eye-strain at the mere sight of it. Consequently many policyholders do not bother to plough through this mass of verbiage.

Yet it is the part of wisdom for business and professional men and other policy-owners to peruse their contract carefully clause by clause, considering how each provision restricts or extends the coverage and what its effect will be if there is a claim to collect under the policy.

THOSE with claims to collect under accident and sickness policies are required by law to give notice of any such claim in writing to the insurance company not later than thirty days from the date of the accident or from the date of the commencement of disability from sickness, but it is provided that failure to give this notice will not invalidate the claim if it is shown that it was not reasonably possible to give such notice within such time, and that notice was given as soon as was reasonably possible.

Claimants must also furnish to the insurance company such proof of claim as is reasonably possible in the circumstances of the happening of the accident or sickness and the loss occasioned thereby within ninety days of the happening of the accident or, in the case of sickness, within ninety days after the date of commencement of the disability from sickness for which the insurance company is liable.

If so required by the insurance company, claimants must also furnish a certificate from a licensed medical practitioner as to the cause and nature of the accident or sickness for which a claim is made and as to duration of the disability caused thereby. However, in any case where there has been imperfect compliance with any statutory condition as to proof of loss to be furnished by the insured, with a consequent forfeiture of the insurance in whole or in part, and the court deems it inequitable that the insurance should be avoided on that ground, the court may relieve against the forfeiture on such terms as it may deem just.

Filing Loss Proof

In an action on an accident and health policy, the claimant alleged that he was disabled by accidental injury on two occasions, on one occasion for a period of fifteen days, and on the other for a period of forty-five days. The policy contained a provision that in case of claim for loss of time from disability the insured was required to furnish affirmative proof of such loss within ninety days after the termination of the disability for which claim was made.

At the trial judgment was given in favor of the claimant for \$300 and interest, based on the stipulated rate of \$150 per month for the period of disability. The insurance company appealed, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to support the judgment, because there was no testimony that the claimant furnished proof of loss as required by the policy.

On appeal it was held that compliance with the statutory requirement as to the furnishing of proof of loss within the stipulated period after the termination of the respective periods of disability was a condition precedent to recovery on the policy. As the petition did not allege that claimant had furnished proofs of loss with regard to either of the accidents and did not contain any allegations which would excuse the failure to do so, the petition, it was held, was subject to general demurrer. The burden was on the claimant to show that such proofs were furnished, and there was no evidence of the required proof with regard to the second accident and the resulting disability. The judgment of the trial court was accordingly reversed.

Under Medical Care

In a case in Ontario last year it was held that illness necessitating occasional visits by the insured to a physician for consultation and treatment does not entitle the insured to benefit under a sickness policy covering against illness causing the insured to be continuously under the professional care and regular attend-

ance at least once a week, beginning with the first treatment, of a physician.

In another case, which went to the British Columbia court of Appeal last year, an insurance agent, acting on behalf of the insured, had forwarded his application for an accident policy to the insurance company, and subsequently, in response to the insurance company's request, had furnished particulars of a previous indemnity received by the insured from another company. The application provided that the policy should not be binding until accepted by the insured "while in good health and free from injury."

A Mere Formality

After amending the original application in accordance with the additional information, the insurance company mailed a policy with a second application containing the additional information, with the request that the agent should have the insured sign it. The letter reached the agent's office before the insured was injured by accident, but the agent, being out of town, did not see it until afterwards. The insured signed the second application after his accident. It was held that the insured was entitled to recover, as the agent had authority to accept the policy on behalf of the insured, and as the policy was delivered before the accident. The request for a second application, it was held, was a mere formality, since the insurance company had the information required and had acted on it.

In a case before the Quebec Superior Court last September it was brought out in the evidence that the insured had fallen from his bed sustaining rib fractures which caused damage to the pleura from which broncho-pneumonia or capillary bronchitis developed, aggravating a heart condition (myocarditis) from which insured formerly suffered but which was dormant at the time of the accident, and resulted in his death. It was held that his death fell within the coverage of a policy insuring "against loss caused by bodily injuries effected directly and independently of all other causes through accidental means."

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I have six policies of life insurance for a total amount of \$14,500, with loans against them of \$2,900. These policies have been in effect for from 15 to 25 years, the loans having been taken for business reasons about 9 years ago. Am paying 6 per cent interest, which is quite a drain, and quite high in view of present interest rates. Have not been in a position to pay off the loans in the interval.

Is there any alternative for wiping out these loans other than accepting paid up policies at the scheduled terms included in the policies?

A competitive agent recently stated that his company could take over these policies and consolidate them into an attractive arrangement for the benefit of the beneficiary my wife. Are such offers likely to be worth considering?

H. G. W., Toronto, Ont.

In considering your problem, it should not be overlooked that the way in which you can realize the most value for the money paid in for insurance is to maintain your existing policies in force, even with the loans against them, and to make some arrangement for paying off the present indebtedness by instalments in the future.

Put if your financial position makes the adoption of that plan now or in the future impossible, there are two

alternatives open to you. If you are still insurable, you could take paid up policies for the amounts the remaining cash values will purchase, and then take out a new policy on the whole life plan for the sum needed to bring the total insurance up to the amount required for the protection of the beneficiary, your wife. That would wipe out the loan indebtedness, and relieve you of any further interest payments or premium payments on the old policies, leaving only the premium on the new policy to be met in the future.

If that is not practicable, you could have the existing policies rewritten at your attained age, which would involve a larger annual premium payment but would do away with any further interest payments.

You could ascertain what the cost would be under each of these two plans, and then adopt the one which best answered your purpose.

With respect to the agent's proposition referred to, it should be pointed out that no company will take over the policies of other companies in this way. But it might be advisable to get the agent to put his proposition in writing over his signature and then submit it to the companies carrying your insurance for their analysis and review. Or if you sent it to us, we should be glad to give you our opinion of it.

Not the biggest — but the BEST!



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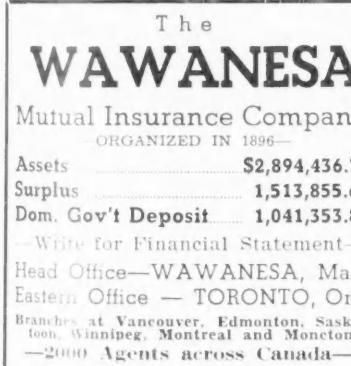
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A Grave Decision

BY GRANDE STIRLING

There is a surprising indifference in Canada concerning the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project. Nevertheless Canadians must rouse themselves to decide whether this is the moment to undertake a scheme of such size. That it must be done eventually there is no doubt, but is this the time to do it?

CANADA is confused over this St. Lawrence Seaway-Power proposal. Enthusiasm is not only lacking, but there is little public discussion, when ordinarily there would be a barrage of debate over a public project of such magnitude. Outside of two or three of our newspapers, which have declared their attitude and are banging away at each other pro and con, most of the press are either non-committal or skeptical.

This does not mean that there is apathy towards the subject in Canada. It does mean however that everybody is taken up with the war, and that it may be taken for certain that Canadian opinion is not yet seized with the idea that "damming the River" at this time can be any real war contribution.

All Canadians are united in asking just one thing about this St. Lawrence development—is this project a necessary war measure? The dominant message ringing in Canadian ears right now is that clarion call of Churchill's, which drowns out all other voices. "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." Is the St. Lawrence project a legitimate answer to that call? Churchill wants the tools now and will sorely need them in the months to follow. Time is the essence of the conflict and Canadians are united with millions of other Americans south of the line, in believing that the kind of tools which will really help Churchill are those which can be got to him as quickly as possible.

Millions and Millions

The need for ships is dire. But it will take at least 3 to 4 years before the 27-foot ship channel in the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway can be completed, in order that the proposed enlarged ship construction from the Great Lakes yards can sail into the Atlantic. In other words, our answer to Churchill, in this respect, would be, "We will spend hundreds of millions of dollars. Mr. Churchill, in constructing a tool which in turn will help us to send other tools to you after 4 years or more."

It is appreciated that United States is to stand the bulk of expense of the works proposed in the International Section of the river, but Canada would have to rush construction of the works outlined between Cornwall and Montreal. Millions of tons of excavation will have to be completed in Lake St. Francis, at the Beauharnois Canal, and in a 5-mile submarine channel and a 10-mile overland canal in the Lachine Section. Also a dam across the river must be built at Isle au Diable. This can well cost Canada \$100,000,000, not to mention other millions she must expend in other sections of the system.

The average Canadian is surely saying these days that all the money, labor and materials which thus would be diverted, could be put to better use in direct war purposes and in the expansion of such facilities which would bring more immediate results for war prosecution, without such enormous outlay.

Canada Is Busy

Canada is already using her Great Lakes shipyards to build mine sweepers and sub-chasers such as corvettes. The British Admiralty has recently paid great tribute to the effectiveness of the corvette in fighting the submarine menace. Where it takes a couple of years to turn out a destroyer, these smaller craft can be laid down in quantity and their hulls turned off in a month or two. Moreover, they could be sailed through the present St. Lawrence canalage to the sea. Canada's "bottleneck" is not in the finding of sufficient ship

yard space, but in equipping the war vessels with the necessary machinery as fast as they are, or can be, built.

In the first world war, United States was building craft in her Great Lakes yards in sections and floating them through the canals. Surely the Great Lakes yards can now play a vital part in the present war, by the immediate construction of hundreds of war vessels of the kind mentioned which could reach the sea battle front through the present canals.

We remember the immense war industry program which the United States was carrying on in 1917-1918, all without the assistance of the St. Lawrence development. And today Canadians are deeply impressed by the tremendous sweep of present preparations to meet the needs of national defence and for "aid to Britain." We cannot help thinking that the speedy production from the expansion of existing facilities in United States will suffice for defence and at the same time meet Churchill's emergency in a manner which will make him happy.

Normally, there are two sections of thought in Canada regarding this development, which has been the subject of investigation and negotiation during 40 years past. One school is gripped by the strong *prima facie* case in favor of developing a couple of million horsepower of electric energy and at the same time deepening the navigational depth to the extent of admitting nearly two-thirds of the world's shipping up into the heart of this continent. On the other hand, the other school holds that this development is beyond the needs of Canada for some time to come; that Canada has already made some very costly splurges on the score of transportation which have been rather premature; and that when all the economic factors are considered the proposed outlay is not justified.

It Is Inevitable

There is however much to support the contention that sooner or later the development is inevitable. The idea has run the course of decades, gathering a strong psychological momentum. The industrial status quo along the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes Basin cannot long withstand the pressure from those pioneering impulses which have brought our North America to its present stage of industrial ascendancy. If it were the normal times of peace, we would say that Canadians as a whole would support the project and go along with the United States in demonstrating to the world this great and successful achievement in international industrial cooperation. It would be the logical extension of Canada's \$130,000,000 expenditure on the Welland Ship Canal and the \$80,000,000 expenditure in deepening the river below Montreal.

In these war times, if the leaders of Democracy can present a clear-cut case supported by their solid convictions, as well as those of the military experts, that this project is necessary in the war to save Democracy, of course the Canadian people will go through with it. And Canada's final attitude must never be mistaken; among Canadian people of all sections there is the very deep desire to cooperate with United States. If the people of United States really think the project is essential to their defence, Canadians then will not refuse their cooperation.

In the meantime however, there is no gainsaying the opinion of the average Canadian, and it is this: the St. Lawrence project is not in essence a war emergency matter, but has the earmarks of a long range peace-time development.



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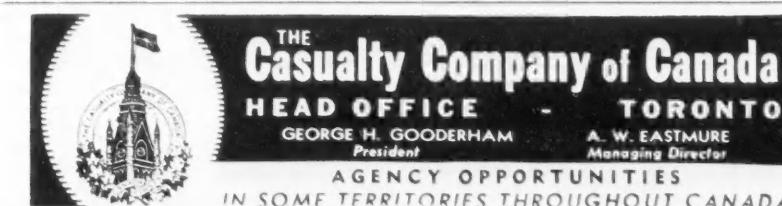
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THE AMERICAN SCENE

Propaganda Can Even Be True

Washington, D.C.

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

NOW that Senator Burton K. Wheeler has denounced the motion picture industry as part of a vicious conspiracy to drag the nation into war, we may regard the record as complete.

He has denounced the last national election, the newspapers, the columnists, the radio commentators, the public polls (Gallup and Fortune), the legitimate stage, and now the movies. The only media of public expression he has failed to denounce are the Braille publications and the girlie-girlie magazines, but he will get around to these in due time, I am sure.

Because all of these persons and agencies reflect preponderant support of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy, the honorable Senator dismisses them with a wave of his hand and a violent snort. He doesn't care. With simple and touching grace he confesses he has the people.

I admit with some trepidation that I do not quite understand. Yet who am I to raise a doubt on the subject of public opinion in a democracy when the Senator is so positive he pounds his desk in the Senate chamber until the rafters re-echo his emphasis? I always thought that elections, the press, radio, scientific polls, stage and screen reflected, in our imperfect democratic system, a considerable section of public thinking. But the Senator says no. He has eliminated everything and everyone—except Burton K. Wheeler who apparently sleeps with 130,000,000 people every night.

Mr. Wheeler, for instance, put himself up for the Democratic presidential nomination at the convention last July. He progressed as far as getting his photo in a couple of barber shop windows in Chicago, but I believe Mr. Roosevelt won the nomination and the subsequent election. This should mean *something*, shouldn't it?

Take the press. This less than perfect institution often expresses the point of view of one or several individuals, but taken by and large it must satisfy its public in order to exist. As Senator Wheeler has no substantial newspaper support, I would gather a lot of people have no use for his views. But I must be gravely in error. The Senator says so positively.

There is the radio, the stage and the screen. These media depend completely on public good will, yet they consistently speak and portray things of which the Senator highly disapproves. Hence there is something rotten in Denmark. It couldn't be the Senator.

Finally we have the Fortune and Gallup polls. They have been sampling plain American opinion for several years and have set amazing records for accuracy in national and state elections. Here too the Senator says "Poof!" and I bow before his superior knowledge.

I am driven, therefore, to the opinion that all of the ordinary mechanics of democracy have failed in the task of reflecting public opinion, and that henceforth we shall have to ask Senator Burton K. Wheeler. He knows positively.

WHEN a young man looks tenderly into the eyes of a young woman, and he takes her in his arms and crushes her lips to his, then releases her and says: "Darling, I love you," it is propaganda.

The film, "Sergeant York," is this kind of propaganda. It tells a simple yet thrilling story of a man's faith. It was not concocted out of thin air to further a movement or to bolster a theory. It is fact from beginning to end; it is the story of three years in a man's life, accurate to the last detail. It is truth—and

because it is truth it lingers in the minds of those who see it. Truth is that way. On contact it exhilarates the mind, and then it keeps burrowing within the person and does not stop until it has been given expression.

IN 1916, Alvin C. York was a Tennessee mountaineer. He was 28 years old, a hard-drinking peasant farmer who eked the merest living out of the rocky soil of the hill country. For practical purposes, the nearest city, Memphis, was as far away as Europe. In the summer of 1916 York did not know there was a war in Europe. His Congressman, Representative Cordell Hull, knew about the war, but "Cord" was in Washington, and Washington was as far away as Valhalla wherever that may be.

In fact, Alvin didn't know about the war until June, 1917. On that summer day, the postman-preacher of his community tapped him on the shoulder and told him he must register for the draft. What draft? What War? Was America in it?

Alvin was troubled. Only a few months before he "got religion." It came to him as it should, out of the heavens. It came to him on a night when he was full of liquor and bitterness because he had been done out of a good piece of "bottom land" that would have given him an easier living—and a bride. He shouldered his gun and travelled across a gully to kill the men who had done him out of his happiness. There was a bolt of lightning—and Alvin found himself sprawled out on the ground. His gun lay beside him, twisted and shattered by the lightning which had struck it. Alvin looked up at the thundering sky. He was afraid. And in that moment he "got religion."

Thereafter Alvin attended church regularly. He preached the gospel to the children of the community. He put away his gun and his crock, and vowed never to touch either again.

ON THE Meuse-Argonne front in October of 1917, Alvin's unit went into action. A general advance had been ordered. The All-American division leaped over the top into the teeth of murderous fire. Alvin's comrades dropped around him, but the remnants moved forward. It was no use. The men were being mowed down by concentrated fire from a strong machine-gun nest entrenched in the hills beyond.

Alvin's company was ordered to silence the machine-guns by a flanking attack. The few of them, under a sergeant, crept around the base of the hill, then leaped on a company of Germans. The Huns surrendered readily. Too readily. They dropped to the ground on a sudden order, and the Americans were caught by machine-gun fire from above. The sergeant was hit, and Corporal York found himself in charge. Ordering his men to take cover, he dashed across the open bullet-splattered ground from tree stump to tree stump

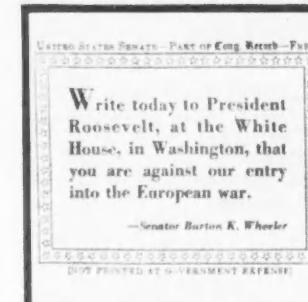
until he found himself alone flanking a machine-gun company of about 200 Germans. From behind a rock he picked them off, one by one, and about 30 fell. The rest, terror-stricken by this uncanny sharpshooting from nowhere, surrendered.

Alvin York and the seven or eight left of his company marched 132 German officers and men back to the American lines.

HE WAS decorated by all of the Allies. His own country gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor. General Pershing called him "the greatest American soldier in the war." He came back to a hero's welcome in America. Offers of wealth poured in on him. He declined them all. "Uncle Sam's uniform," he said,

"it ain't for sale." And he went back to a piece of bottom land in his beloved Tennessee hills.

There the picture ends. Propaganda? No, not propaganda as we know it. Rather, it is truth. The simple story of a simple man who decided there are some things worth fighting for and who fought for them with the inspiration that comes with truth.



I FEEL INSULATED.
William L. White
Sergeant, 8th Inf., 1st Cavalry, U.S.A.
Fort Benning, Ga.

Last week Isolationist Senator Burton K. Wheeler sent out 1,000,000 cards such as this to American citizens, many of them in the armed forces. Immediately the Senator was accused by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson of action near the line of "subversive activities if not treason". This card was sent to Staff Sergeant William L. White at Fort Benning, Georgia. Note the Sergeant's comment above the address.

According To Plan

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

SINCE it was strategically essential for the Nazis to convince the world that the Soviet Union was doomed from the very start of the invasion so as to block all aid and co-operation, above all by Britain and the United States, Hitler himself undertook to edit all German High Command communiqués. As soon as the going became tough, and for the first time since the beginning of the war nearly two years ago, German High Command communiqués began to speak of coming victories and future events. The drily military tone disappeared and Nazi politics began to shine through many a statement.

But overdoing this is dangerous since it may result in undermining the High Command's prestige. Hence the Nazi High Command limits itself frequently to the now famous declaration that "operations on the Eastern Front are proceeding according to plan." What does the statement "according to plan" mean? Does it mean according to the original plan of the High Command? Or later plans developed for the whole war? Or plans imposed by Soviet resistance? Or does this statement include local retreats, withdrawals, reports of losses etc.? For it is clear that the term "operations" may also refer to withdrawals under Soviet pressure; to the abandonment of "blitz" warfare, to the entrenchment in face of furious Soviet counter-attacks.

To understand what German war news frequently represents, we can examine some individual items emanating from Berlin and compare them with the situation as we know it.

Red Army Abolished

Take the case of the Red Army. If one were to believe Berlin, there is none any longer in existence. Russia has no more tanks, planes, leaders, according to past German war dispatches. But the opposite is obviously the case. Even the Germans now admit it.

On June 26, Berlin officially reported "The Soviet Army has already been defeated in the first stages of the battle."

On June 28, German sources jubilantly crowed: "Russia's armies had been thrown back on a long front and forced into disintegrating retreat from which there will be no recovery."

On July 2, in a highly theatrical announcement the German High Command proclaimed "an unimaginable chaos has descended on the Soviet armies," and the D.N.B. added "The collapse of the fighting spirit of the Russian troops can be seen even more clearly."

On July 4, C. Brooks Peters, New York Times correspondent, wrote from Berlin: "Claiming that major parts of the Russian armies had been trapped, beaten and destroyed in the first ten days of the invasion, German military quarters declared tonight that to all practical purposes

Stalin Line or no Stalin Line the Soviet armies had already been de-

feated and that all that remained was to annihilate them as a military force."

The Russians, meanwhile, refused to believe German announcements and kept on fighting. Thus it was that, on July 12, the Nazi High Command was once more forced to declare: "In all important sections the Russians are showing signs of a break up and dissolution." The next day the D.N.B. again whistled in the dark insisting that "The main strength of the powerful Soviet army is broken," adding "The Soviet units are greatly confused and leadership may not be able to prevail."

On the same day Mr. Peters cabled the New York Times: "The armed forces of the U.S.S.R. have already been defeated and their formal capitulation and annihilation is now but a question of time, according to the opinion of authoritative quarters in the Reich's capital."

Still the Red Army remained unimpressed. So on July 20 Berlin again declared: "The fighting ability of the Red Army has been destroyed." On July 22, Berlin officially insisted that "the Russians no longer had a continuous line of defense against invasion."

And despite the fact that as early as July 13, the German official opinion was that "the Russians had lost most of their equipment and elite troops in the early stages of the war and thus were facing collapse", on July 28, the D.N.B. was again forced to repeat that "there were important indications of collapse in the Russian armies."

It would seem that nothing could be more definite. But on July 30

the Nazi press suddenly became filled with articles describing furious Soviet resistance. The Red soldiers did not know how to surrender because the Communists "had killed their souls", the papers complained. "The beastliness of heroism," the Toronto Star sarcastically called this new-to-the-Nazis feeling.

The Story of Kiev

Then there is the story of Kiev. On July 7, the D.N.B. said "The Ukrainian capital of Kiev tonight lay in the path of German troops." (How far is a "path"?)

On July 9, another German agency, the *Dienst Aus Deutschland* wrote "Conditions in Kiev are fast approaching anarchy."

The same type of reports have been issued concerning the "imminent fall of Leningrad." These began on July 14 when the *Deutsche Algemeine Zeitung* published a map showing German tanks in the immediate vicinity of Leningrad. And on July 30 the "fall of Leningrad in the nearest future was forecast by reliable sources in Berlin."

The reports concerning Soviet airplane, tank and manpower losses appear to be even more mendacious.

"We must expect more lies. The stiffer the Soviet stand, the more difficult the position of the Nazis at the front, the more lies will be needed to quiet the German people. But if the Germans are forced back we can expect a crop of lies which will surprise even those who are used to considering the German propaganda service a body of the most efficient prevaricators that ever lived."

Wild Poets I Have Known

(Continued from Page 25)

casually about and asked if anyone happened to have a tumbler on him. He meant, apparently, not a pigeon but a household drinking-glass. And no one, naturally, had one about his person.

It was Harvey O'Higgins, if I'm not mistaken, who slipped out through the side door and pioneered about the basement and returned with a full-sized water glass. This he gave to the poet, who crossed leisurely to where his overcoat hung on the vestry-wall between less profane vestments. From the side-pocket of this coat the creator of "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" took out a quart bottle of Bushmill's Irish whiskey. He filled the glass to the brim, recorked and returned the bottle to its nesting place, and then quietly and deliberately poured the tumbling of Bushmill's down his poetic and swan-like throat.

Willie, obviously, wasn't in quest of anything as common as mouth courage. He wasn't nervous. He wasn't apprehensive. He was as cool as a cucumber. Perhaps, after all, he was *too* cool. For what he wanted, apparently, was just to give an extra lilt to that lyrical Irish heart of his.

It must have been that. For by the time we had dodged out of the vestry door and around to the church front and joined the audience, Yeats was off to a good start. He stood there as unruffled and steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, while the dreamy Irish voice went on intoning the dreamy Irish poetry. An old Donegal woman sat next to me, with tears running down her cheeks. "Isn't he the darling?" she said as Willie stopped to take a drink this time of mere tap water. She said it as I've heard true Celts say it of a race-horse in the Old

With H. 14. We describe proprie Fuehrer exhibit as a p. London. Gay. This to be of quality for Sati. rec. each. T

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